PHOTOPLAY

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE

MARCH

20¢

DEBBIE EYNOLDS "LOOK AT ME NOW!"

GUY MADISON'S Heartbreak Marriage Story

NEW– CRAZY COSTS OF HOLLYWOOD DIVORCE



PRELL SHAMPOO LEAVES HAIR

'Radiantly Alive'

... SOFT,
SMOOTH,
YOUNGER LOOKING!

Ah, what a wonderful feeling—when you touch and feel your hair after your *first* Prell Shampoo! It's so soft and smooth—so shining-bright and aglow with that 'Radiantly Alive' look! Why, in actual radiance tests, Prell leaves hair more radiant than *all leading cream or soap shampoos.* No more "fly-away" hair either—Prell leaves hair obedient even right after shampooing. You'll love Prell's convenience and economy, too—there's no spill, break, or waste. Enjoy a luxurious Prell Shampoo tonight!



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO YOU ABOUT TOOTH PASTE

No dentifrice can stop all cavities — *but...*

you can reduce tooth decay up to 60%* with new Ipana® containing Anti-Enzyme WD-9

Easy directions on every package. Based on 2-year clinical tests.

If you are one of the many people who have been confused by recent promises of tooth-paste "miracles," here are two facts we think well worth knowing:

1. No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay. This includes our new Ipana with WD-9.

2. But if you want to have far fewer cavities, no other dentifrice—tooth paste or powder—has ever been proved more effective for helping you.

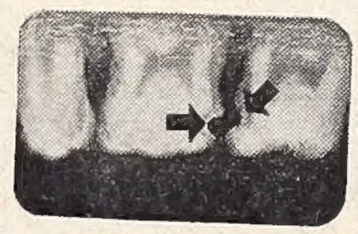
And you can be sure of this:

***Two-year clinical tests showed that brushing teeth after eating can reduce tooth decay up to 60%. This means when you use new Ipana with WD-9 this way, the Ipana way—you can expect the same results.**

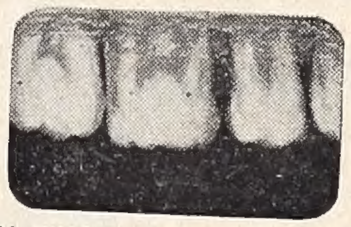
What's more, if you do this, there's an excellent chance that *you will never have to worry about excessive cavities again.*



In 2-year test, X-rays showed 60% fewer cavities than from ordinary methods



ONE OR MORE NEW CAVITIES FOR ALMOST 2 OUT OF 3 PEOPLE USING ORDINARY METHODS.



NO NEW CAVITIES FOR ALMOST 2 OUT OF 3 PEOPLE USING THE IPANA WAY.

Here is proof that there is a sure way of reducing tooth decay.

How independent scientists proved the Ipana way works



The tests which proved the Ipana way best were conducted by university scientists, leaders in the study of decay reduction. Ipana had no connection with them or with the tests.

Over a two-year period, half the subjects tested brushed their teeth the usual haphazard way. The other half used the Ipana way, clearly stated on every package. X-ray examinations showed the difference.

The way most dentists recommend

We make these statements confidently because the benefits of the Ipana way were proved by two full years of clinical testing. Most dentists recommend this way (ask *yours*). And the directions are right on every Ipana package.

Important to new Ipana's effectiveness is its anti-enzyme ingredient, WD-9. In stopping the bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids, WD-9 is one of the most effective ingredients known.

Children enjoy new minty flavor

As you know, your youngsters don't like to use a tooth paste if it doesn't taste good. But Ipana has a wonderful new minty flavor so that children will enjoy using it. It has new built-in foaming and cleansing power to reach "danger spots" the tooth brush doesn't touch. For refreshing your mouth, we think you'll find that no other tooth paste is quite like it.

Don't forget your gums

Ipana with WD-9 does much more than help reduce tooth decay. Brushing with Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges of teeth helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles. And as for bad breath, a single brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor as long as 9 hours.

When you can get a tooth paste that does all this without paying a penny extra for it, why not make your next tube *Ipana?*



SAME PACKAGE
NO INCREASE IN PRICE

Reduces Tooth Decay up to 60%
...Stops Bad Breath All Day

Product of Bristol-Myers

ALL IPANA NOW ON SALE CONTAINS ANTI-ENZYME WD-9

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1



New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

Amazingly effective—just use daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. New fragrance. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near.

For sanitary napkins — *Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*

A Product of Bristol-Myers

P

2

PHOTOPLAY

MARCH, 1954 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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THE BEST NEWS OF THE YEAR!



They're in the movies now! And in COLOR!

AMERICA'S No. 1 FAVORITES • FUNNIER THAN EVER!



It's fun on a honeymoon with Lucy and Desi driving a house-on-wheels into hilarious adventure!



with "Ma" Kettle

LUCILLE BALL • DESI ARNAZ

For the first time on the BIG, BIG screen since they took America by storm! Now in M-G-M's howling, hilarious comedy!

"THE LONG, LONG TRAILER"

MARJORIE MAIN • KEENAN WYNN

M-G-M 30TH ANNIVERSARY JUBILEE

Screen Play by ALBERT HACKETT and FRANCES GOODRICH • Based on the Novel by CLINTON TWISS • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • AN M-G-M PICTURE

Photographed in ANSCO COLOR • Print by TECHNICOLOR



Dale Evans and Roy Rogers, this year's golden-apple winners, are never "too busy"

HITS AND HISSES

When Hollywood's women reporters decided to award those apples, even they underestimated the power of the press

BY RUTH WATERBURY

I WAS THE ONE, way back in October of 1941, who originated the idea which has subsequently caused more cat-calling, more name-throwing, more general mayhem than almost any other little factor in Hollywood.

As president of the Hollywood Women's Press Club, I was the hapless one who suggested that our organization should give an award to the most co-operative female and most co-operative male star of the year. Since the Club was then, and still is, composed entirely of working press women, plus working feminine press agents, I thought it would be nice for us to say thank you to the stars who had been most gracious in granting interviews, sitting for photographs and being all around helpful.

If I had left the idea at that, the award would probably have passed quite unnoticed in the welter of other complimentary awards made every year. But no.

I was foolhardy enough to suggest that we also name the most *un-co-operative* stars of the year. The motion was duly seconded. The vote was passed—and all I can say now is that we, as a Club, didn't know our own strength.

Not then—or not now. For we rock under the blows we get yearly from the particular studio that houses the particular star or stars who receive our sour-apple award. We seldom get thanked by the studio whose player wins our golden apple—that is, the award for being most co-operative. But how bitter are the cries from the criticized camps!

This year was no exception. Esther Williams, who, for the second time, was tagged the least co-operative actress is, for the second time, protesting violently. She offers what she considers a perfect alibi for being less than helpful to the press. Says she, "I've made a picture and had a baby. How could I have had time to be more co-operative than I was?"

That sounds like a reasonable enough response—until you consider the case of Virginia Mayo. This year Ginnie was (for the second time, too) the runner-up for the most co-operative award. And she was hardly loafing. Despite making *two* pictures and having her baby, she was always able to manage time for an interview or a photo sitting—never too busy to talk with a reporter personally.

And the pair who took the golden apples home—Dale Evans and Roy Rogers—have, possibly, one of the fullest schedules in town. They have a house full of children. They do pictures. They do radio. They do TV. And personal appearances. And benefits. The press demands on their time are almost unbelievable, what with reporters and photographers of not just one medium, but three, besieging them constantly. Yet, they somehow always manage to be gracious.

The same holds true for almost-winner Jeff Chandler. He chalked up four pictures last year and, in addition, was deeply entangled in a morass of domestic problems. But none of that stopped him from working generously with the ladies of the press.

His attitude is at the opposite extreme from that of Dale Robertson, who was handed the sour, sour apple. Although his studio, Twentieth, is obviously not happy about this award, it has not complained for it understands the justice of our choice.

I remember the first time I ever talked with Dale professionally. He was brand new then, and I interviewed him together with Mitzi Gaynor, who was equally new. Dale shocked me at the time by saying, "I'm in this business only for the money it earns me." Mitzi was even more shocked than I. "Oh, Dale," she said, "you know you have to be madly in love with this business to endure it. You have to give to it as well as take from it—and you know it."

"Not me!" said Dale. "I'm after the dough. That's all."

And, sadly, that does seem to have been all so far. The sour-apple award is just one evidence of a point of view that can prevent Dale, no matter how talented and handsome he is, from being the top star he ought to be.

He has not, incidentally, made a single objection—at least not one that we have heard of—to his prize. He probably knows that he really deserves it.

His silence on the subject reminds me of the only amusing reaction the Women's Press Club has ever had to its sour-apple award. It was back in 1944 when we pinned the least-co-operative tag on Sonja

(Continued on page 6)

IT'S A PLEASURE*

YOU'LL BE ALL SMILES AND SINGIN' WHEN YOU SEE THESE WONDERFUL YOUNG STARS IN THE YEAR'S HAPPIEST, NEW MUSICAL!

RED GARTERS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

starring

ROSEMARY CLOONEY
JACK CARSON
GUY MITCHELL
PAT CROWLEY · GENE BARRY
CASS DALEY and introducing
JOANNE GILBERT

Produced by PAT DUGGAN · Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL · Written by MICHAEL FESSIER

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

The most likeable young cast that ever was corralled! And in the warmest musical story ever to come gallopin' out of the old West. More whoopin' and hollerin' than at a Saturday night Wyoming steak fry . . . More romancin' than on a Sunday Picnic Grounds in Iowa . . . An unusual story that's bigger than all of Texas! And it's in the kind of beautiful color that you never, never see in real life, darn it! It's the sort of happy show you call wonderful, 'cause that's how it'll make you feel!

*PLEASURE: (*Webster*) State of gratification; delight; enjoyment and joy.



She's a delight in her most heartwarming role, singing not one, but six wonderful hit numbers!

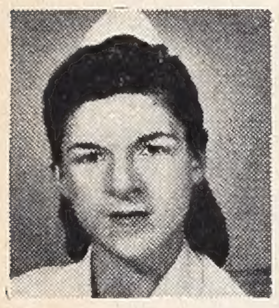
He's the glad guy that all the gals are going goofy over as the singing stranger from the wide open spaces!

Introducing a new ray of screen sunshine, in her screen debut! When this romantic honey charms you with a song, your heart'll really love it!

A fresh, exciting, young girl with joyful personality that will win you right over. She's the All-American girl!

"Doctors' tests reveal this new chlorophyll derivative

CHECKS WOMEN'S *Special* ODOR PROBLEM!"



reports Registered Nurse MARY L. RHOAD

As Nurse Rhoad explains: "Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now."

Scientific proof that taking "ENNDS" Darotol* Tablets suppresses odors of "difficult days" within the body itself!

"Recently," Nurse Rhoad explains, "a leading medical journal reported tests in which use of a certain chlorophyll derivative exceeded all expectations in suppressing odors associated with menstruation. In my experience, "ENNDS"Darotol*ChlorophyllTablets act to prevent such odors as no past method ever did. And they're safe!"

Never before has it been so easy to avoid embarrassing body odors at that "certain time." All you do is take 3 or 4 pleasant-tasting "ENNDS" daily—a few days before and continuing throughout your menstrual period!

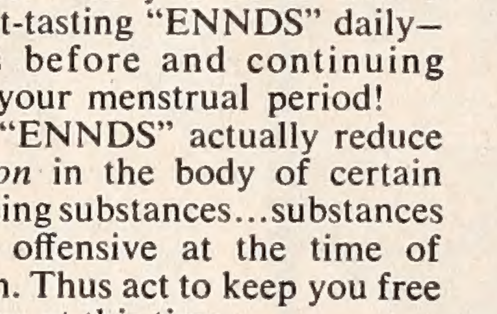
You see, "ENNDS" actually reduce the *formation* in the body of certain odor-producing substances...substances particularly offensive at the time of menstruation. Thus act to keep you free of these odors at this time.

Enjoy this odor protection *between* your monthly periods, too... by taking 1 or 2 "ENNDS" Tablets every day!

You can get "ENNDS" everywhere. Trial size only 49¢. Larger sizes save even more! Also available in Canada.

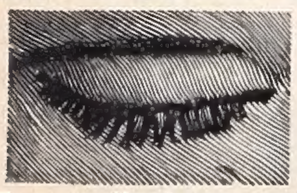
For *free* booklet, "What You Should Know About Menstruation" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDS," Dept. TS, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

**Darotol is a valuable chlorophyll derivative found in "ENNDS"*



SAFE EYE-GENE

EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!



Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief?...



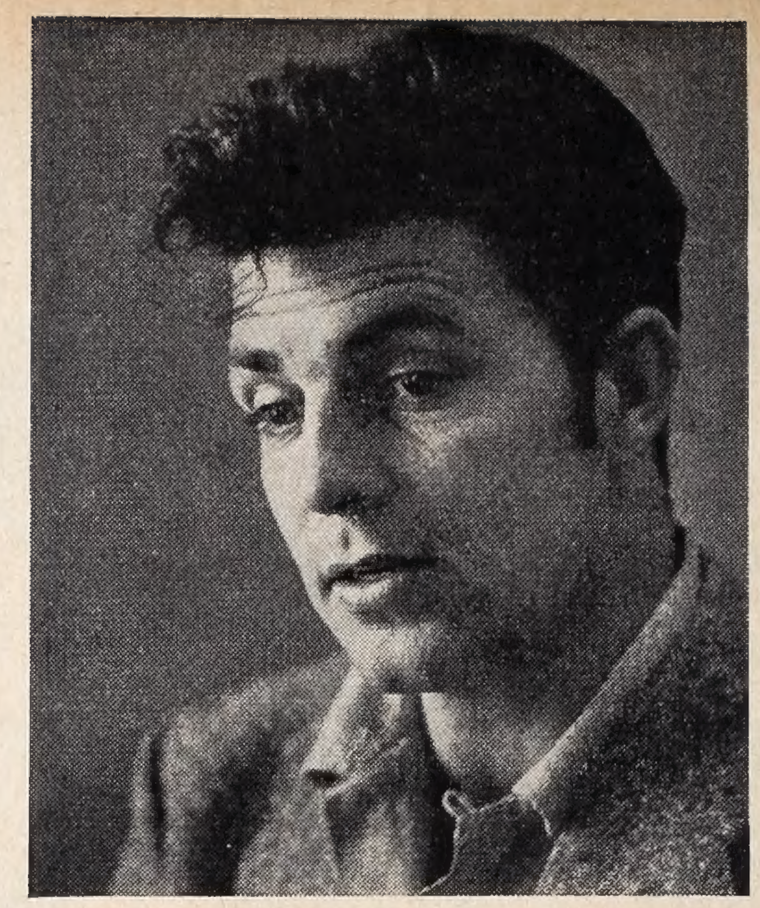
2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS!

Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in *seconds*—dramatically lights up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 35c, 60c, $1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

HITS AND HISSES

continued



Dale Robertson won't bother to co-operate

Henie, and, as a result, were confronted directly by her boss, the witty William Goetz, then head of International Films.

Before I go on, let me explain that our golden apple is really solid gold, a lapel pin for the girls, a golden script marker for the men, all duly engraved with our happiest sentiments and the winner's name. But we don't give anything as a memento for the un-co-operative award.

"Doesn't Sonja get a thing?" moaned Bill Goetz. "Can't you give her a scroll or something, so that I can hang it up in the studio lunch room where all of us can enjoy it?"

Bill was just being more forthright than Paramount, who will now admit they felt delighted when we leveled out at Joan Fontaine in 1943. But they didn't say so then. Joan was at the top of her form in those days. The smash success of "Rebecca"; an Oscar for her work in "Suspicion," were just behind her; and the equal smash success of "Frenchmen's Creek" just ahead of her. And she was, as stars so often are under those circumstances, feeling her oats.

She was, in fact, Miss Big. She had people fired right and left.

On our part, we had to get news of her—and we couldn't. So we gave her the knock—and I must say, she listened. She's smart, this Fontaine. When she saw the miles of unwanted published words the sour-apple title got her, she reversed herself. As a matter of fact, she went so completely out of her way to be gracious that we gave her the most co-operative award four years later.

The studios that yell loudest when their stars win the sour apple, try to imply that it is the Hollywood Women's Press Club who damage their stellar property. But they really know, as we do, that our award only reveals the stars' unwillingness to give any "plus" of their personalities to the public. These stars have come to the point where they no longer want to be known as human beings but as something special—"artistes."

I've yet to see a star reach that point and recover from it completely. All of us who make our livings in Hollywood understand what produces it, and, what's more, I'm sure that in the same spot we'd find it tough to resist succumbing to it ourselves.

It is a combination of too much adulation, too much money—and often, too little background. That it doesn't happen to every star is a miracle. Take two of our standard pets—Martin and Lewis. They've had more fame, more adulation, more money than probably any two people since Napoleon.

Yet, somehow, these two kids have kept not only their heads—but their hearts. They work all the time—but they are never too busy to talk to any reporter, or pose for any photographer who comes on a legitimate mission. Jerry and Dean realize that our requests have nothing to do with us personally. We are acting on orders from our editors, who, in turn, are acting in response to public demand. When a star turns down a legitimate request from a reporter or photographer, he's actually turning down the public.

Bette Davis never got too big for her fame. Nor Bob Hope. Bob was our first winner, in 1941, as Bette was. He won again in 1943. The same is true of Alan Ladd, our winner in 1944 and again in 1950, and of Joan Crawford who won in 1945 and 1946 and could win every year, as far as we are concerned. That she hasn't been a winner in the last few years is only because we've had fewer requests for stories on her.

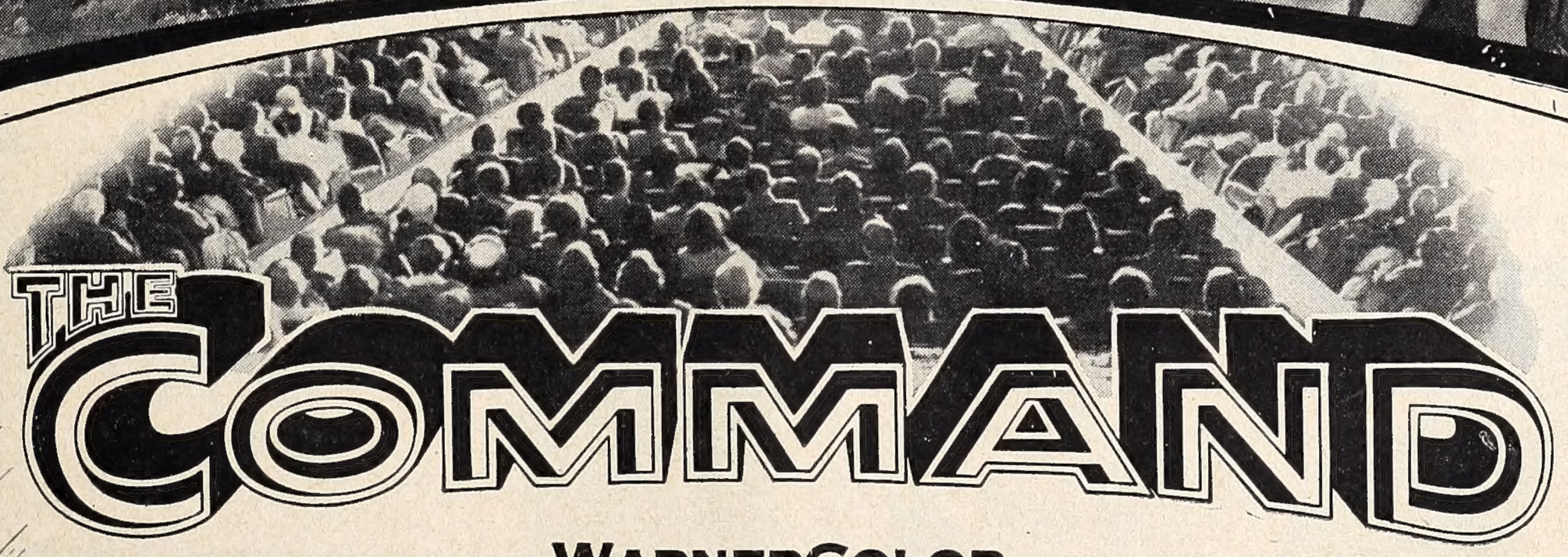
This question of requests is vital in our voting—and it means that both our winners and losers will always be top box-office (*Continued on page* 103)

At last all the might and magnificence of The Unconquerables and their Seven Days of daring that forged the American Frontier.

WARNER BROS. TELL IT AS IT CAN BE TOLD ONLY WITH THE SWEEPING SPLENDORS OF

CINEMASCOPE





THE COMMAND

IN WARNERCOLOR AND THE ENGULFING REALISM OF STEREOPHONIC SOUND

"THE COMMAND" STARRING GUY MADISON · JOAN WELDON · JAMES WHITMORE · WITH CARL BENTON REID · HARVEY LEMBECK

SCREEN PLAY BY RUSSELL HUGHES

MUSIC COMPOSED BY DIMITRI TIOMKIN

PRODUCED BY DAVID WEISBART

DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER

Because Eddie Cantor is more than just the world's greatest living entertainer, this is more than just his fabulous show-business story. Here's Cantor the man—the showman, the human—who carries almost as big a torch for America as that Liberty Lady in New York Bay. Rub the black grease-paint off that eye-popping face and he's all red-white-and-true-blue underneath.

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

THE Eddie Cantor STORY

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

IT'S BIG AND BRIGHT AS THOSE BANJO EYES!

A ONE-IN-A-MILLION ENTERTAINMENT THAT SPANS THE FABULOUS FUN CAREER OF AMERICA'S ONE-IN-A-MILLION GUY!

STARRING
KEEFE BRASSELLE ★ MARILYN ERSKINE
Watch him soar to stardom's heights—as Eddie Cantor!

WITH ALINE MacMAHON and **WILL ROGERS, Jr.** AS HIS DAD

SCREEN PLAY BY JEROME WEIDMAN, TED SHERDEMAN AND SIDNEY SKOLSKY • Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf • DIRECTED BY ALFRED E. GREEN

Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz PRODUCED BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BENEATH THE 12-MILE REEF—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Robert D. Webb: *Tony Petrakis,* Robert Wagner; *Gwyneth Rhys,* Terry Moore; *Mike Petrakis,* Gilbert Roland; *Soak,* J. Carrol Naish; *Thomas Rhys,* Richard Boone; *Mama,* Angela Clarke; *Arnold,* Peter Graves; *Sinan,* Jay Novello; *Sofotes,* Jacques Aubuchon; *Penny,* Gloria Gordon; *Griff,* Harry Carey, Jr.; *Card,* James Harakas; *Paul,* Charles Wagenheim; *Fat George,* Marc Krah; *David Rhys,* Rush Williams.

BORDER RIVER—U-I. Directed by George Sherman: *Clete Mattson,* Joel McCrea; *Carmelita Carias,* Yvonne De Carlo; *General Calleja,* Pedro Armendariz; *Newlund,* Howard Petrie; *Annina,* Erika Nordin; *Captain Vargas,* Alfonso Bedoya; *Baron Von Hollden,* Ivan Triesault; *Sanchez,* George Lewis; *Fletcher,* George Wallace; *Anderson,* Lane Chandler; *Crowe,* Charles Horvath; *Lopez,* Nacho Galindo.

BOY FROM OKLAHOMA, THE—Warners. Directed by Michael Curtiz: *The Boy from Oklahoma,* Will Rogers, Jr.; *Katie Brannigan,* Nancy Olson; *Crazy Charlie,* Lon Chaney; *Barney Turlock,* Anthony Caruso; *Wally Higgins,* Wallace Ford; *Pop Pruty,* Clem Bevans; *Steve,* Merv Griffin; *Paul Evans,* Louis Jean Heydt; *Pete Martin,* Sheb Wooley; *Shorty,* Slim Pickens; *Billy the Kid,* Tyler MacDuff; *Joe Downey,* James Griffith.

CONQUEST OF EVEREST, THE—U.A. Photographed by Thomas Stobart and George W. Lowe. Members of the Expedition: Colonel H. C. J. Hunt (now Brigadier Sir John Hunt), leader of the expedition; George Christopher Band, Thomas Duncan Bourdillon, R. C. Evans, Alfred Gregory, Edmund P. Hillary (now Sir Edmund Hillary), George W. Lowe, Wilfred Noyce, Dr. L. G. C. Pugh, Thomas Stobart, Bhotia Tensing Norkey, Dr. Michael P. Ward, Michael H. Westmacott, Major Charles Geoffrey Wylie.

EDDIE CANTOR STORY, THE—Warners. Directed by Alfred E. Green: *Eddie Cantor,* Keefe Brasselle; *Ida;* Marilyn Erskine; *Grandma Esther,* Aline MacMahon; *Harry Harris,* Arthur Franz; *David Tobias,* Alex Gerry; *Rachel Tobias,* Greta Granstedt; *Rocky,* Gerald Mohr; *Ziegfeld,* William Forrest; *Durante,* Jackie Barnett; *Eddie (Age 13),* Richard Monda; *Cleo Abbott,* Marie Windsor; *Leo Raymond,* Douglas Evans; *Lillian Edwards,* Ann Doran; *Gus Edwards,* Hal March; *Ida (Age 11),* Susan Odin; *Boy Harris,* Owen Pritchard; and Will Rogers, Jr. as his dad.

GLENN MILLER STORY, THE—U-I. Directed by Anthony Mann: *Glenn Miller,* James Stewart; *Helen Miller,* June Allyson; *Don Haynes,* Charles Drake; *Si Schribman,* George Tobias; *Chummy MacGregor,* Henry Morgan; *Polly Haynes,* Marion Ross; *Mr. Miller,* Irving Bacon; *Mrs. Miller,* Kathleen Lockhart; *General Arnold,* Barton MacLane; *Mr. Krantz,* Sig Ruman; *Joe Becker,* Phil Garris; *Mr. Burger,* James Bell; *Mrs. Burger;* Katherine Warren; and Frances Langford, Louis Armstrong, Gene Krupa, Ben Pollack, The Archie Savage Dancers, The Modernaires.

GO, MAN, GO—U.A. Directed by James Wong Howe: *Abe Saperstein,* Dane Clark; *Sylvia Saperstein,* Patricia Breslin; *Inman Jackson,* Sidney Poitier; *Zack Leader,* Edmon Ryan; *James Willoughby,* Bram Nossen; *Papa Saperstein,* Anatol Winogradoff; *Mama Saperstein,* Celia Boodkin; *Fay Saperstein,* Carol Sinclair; *Sam,* Ellsworth Wright; *Slim,* Slim Gaillard; *Appraiser,* Lew Hearn; *Irma Jackson,* Ruby Dee, and The Harlem Globetrotters.

HEIDI—U.A. Directed by Luigi Comencini: *Heidi,* Elsbeth Sigmund; *Grandfather,* Heinrich Gretler; *Peter,* Thomas Klameth; *Aunt Dete,* Elsie Attenhofer; *Brigitte, Peter's Mother,* Margrit Rainer; *Pastor,* Fred Tanner; *Klara,* Isa Günther; *Mr. Sesemann,* Willy Birgel; *Miss Rottenmeyer,* Anita Mey; *Doctor Classen,* Karl Wery; *Sebastian,* Theo Lingen.

HIS MAJESTY O'KEEFE—Warners. Directed by Byron Haskin: *His Majesty O'Keefe,* Burt Lancaster; *Dalabo,* Joan Rice; *Alfred Tetins,* Andre Morell; *Fatumak,* Abraham Sofaer; *Boogulroo,*

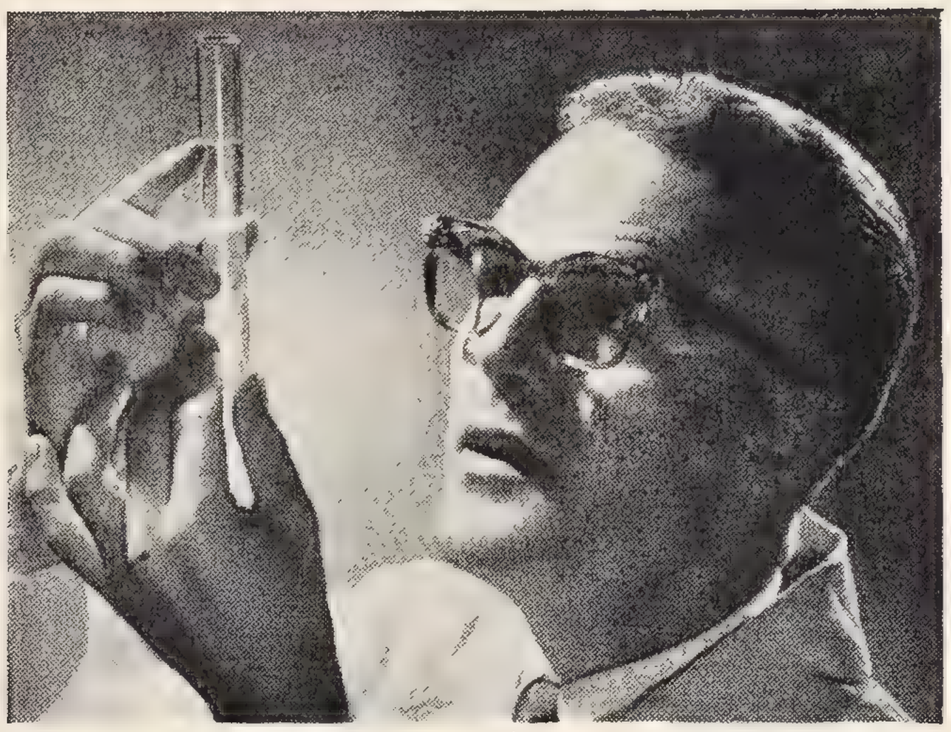
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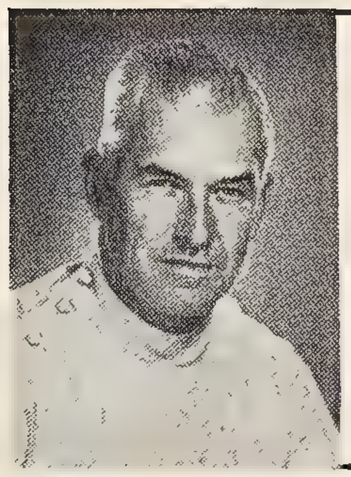


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Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!



A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the *only* long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

*Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate

No Other Toothpaste Offers Proof of Such Results!



Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

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Hear these memorable Glenn Miller Hits...

MOONLIGHT SERENADE
LITTLE BROWN JUG
IN THE MOOD
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STRING OF PEARLS
TUXEDO JUNCTION
CHATTANOOGA CHOO-CHOO
and many, many more!

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The GLENN MILLER STORY

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with **CHARLES DRAKE · GEORGE TOBIAS · HENRY MORGAN**
and these Musical "Greats" as Guest Stars!
FRANCES LANGFORD · LOUIS ARMSTRONG · GENE KRUPA · BEN POLLACK · THE MODERNAIRES
Directed by ANTHONY MANN • Written by VALENTINE DAVIES and OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

Casts of Current Pictures

Continued

Archie Savage; *Mr. Chou,* Benson Fong; *Kakofel,* Tessa Prendergast; *Inifel,* Lloyd Berrell; *Bully Hayes,* Charles Horvath; *Sien Tang,* Philip Ahn; *Weber,* Guy Doleman; *Lt. Brenner,* Grant Taylor; *Harris,* Alexander Archdale; *Friedlander,* Harvey Adams; *Garcia,* Warwick Ray; *Beldon,* Paddy Mulelly; *Rhee,* Jim Crawford; *Benson,* Mr. McLardy, *Singh,* Nirajan Singh.

LIVING DESERT, THE—Disney. Documentary directed by James Algar.

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Henry King: *Capt. King,* Tyrone Power; *Susan,* Terry Moore; *Brig. Gen. Maitland,* Michael Rennie; *Lt. Heath,* John Justin; *Kurram Khan,* Guy Rolfe; *Lt. Baird,* Richard Stapley; *Major MacAllister,* Murray Matheson; *Ali Nur,* Frank de Kova; *Lali,* Argentina Brunetti; *Native Girl,* Sujata; *Ahmed,* Frank Lackteen; *Officer of the Week,* Gilchrist Stuart; *Pal-Singh,* Karam Dhaliwal; *Ishmael,* Aly Wassil; *Corp. Stuart,* John Farrow; *Sgt. Fowler,* Richard Peel; *Napur,* Aram Katcher; *Rahim Bey,* Alberto Morin; *Raschid,* Alan Lee; *Hamid Bahra,* Maurice Colbourne; *Capt. Rogers,* Tom Cound; *Major Lee,* Gavin Muir; *Lt. White,* Pat Whyte; *Cavalry Officer,* Ramsey Hill.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Thorpe; *Lancelot,* Robert Taylor; *Guinevere,* Ava Gardner; *King Arthur,* Mel Ferrer; *Morgan Le Fay,* Anne Crawford; *Modred,* Stanley Baker; *Merlin,* Felix Aylmer; *Elaine,* Maureen Swanson; *Percival,* Gabriel Woolf; *Gareth,* Anthony Forwood; *Gawaine,* Robert Urquhart; *Green Knight,* Niall MacGinnis; *Nan,* Ann Hanslip; *Bronwyn,* Jill Clifford; *Agravaine,* Stephen Vercoe; *Simon,* Howard Marion Crawford; *Bedivere,* John Brooking; *Bishop,* Peter Gawthorne; *Steward,* Alan Tilvern; *Lambert,* John Sherman; *Vivien,* Dagmar Wunter; *Brigid,* Mary Germaine; *John,* Martin Wyldeck; *Green Knight's First Squire,* Barry Mackay; *Green Knight's Second Squire,* Derek Tansley; *Leogrance,* Roy Russell; *Enid,* Gwendoline Evans.

MAN BETWEEN, THE—Lopert-U.A. Directed by Carol Reed: *Ivo,* James Mason; *Susanne,* Claire Bloom; *Bettina,* Hildegarde Neff; *Martin,* Geoffrey Toone; *Halendar,* Aribert Waescher; *Kastner,* Ernst Schroeder; *Horst,* Dieter Krause; *Lizzi,* Hilde Sessak; *Inspector Kleiber,* Karl John.

MAN IN THE ATTIC—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Robert Presnell, Jr.: *Slade,* Jack Palance; *Lily Bonner,* Constance Smith; *Paul Warwick,* Byron Palmer; *Helen Harley,* Frances Bavier; *William Harley,* Rhys Williams; *1st Constable,* Sean McClory; *2nd Constable,* Leslie Bradley; *Daisy,* Tita Phillips; *Inspector Melville,* Leslie Mathews; *Sergeant Bates,* Harry Cording; *Annie Rowley,* Lilian Bond; *Mary Lenihan,* Lisa Daniels; *Katy,* Isabel Jewell.

MISS SADIE THOMPSON—Columbia. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt: *Sadie Thompson,* Rita Hayworth; *Alfred Davidson,* José Ferrer; *Sergeant Phil O'Hara,* Aldo Ray; *Dr. Robert MacPhail,* Russell Collins; *Ameena Horn,* Diosa Costello; *Joe Horn,* Harry Bellaver; *Governor,* Wilton Graff; *Mrs. Margaret Davidson,* Peggy Converse; *Griggs,* Henry Slate; *Hodges,* Rudy Bond; *Edwards,* Charles Buchinsky; *Mrs. MacPhail,* Frances Morris; *Chung,* Peter Chong; *Reverend,* John Grossett.

ROB ROY—Disney, RKO. Directed by Harold French: *Rob Roy MacGregor,* Richard Todd; *Helen Mary MacGregor,* Glynis Johns; *Duke of Argyll,* James Robertson Justice; *Duke of Montrose,* Michael Gough; *Hamish MacPherson,* Finlay Currie; *Lady Glengyll,* Jean Taylor-Smith; *Maggie MacPherson,* Marjorie Fielding; *King George I.,* Eric Pohlmann; *Countess von Pahlen,* Ina De La Haye; *Robert Walpole,* Michael Goodliffe; *General Cadogan,* Martin Boddey.

SAADIA—M-G-M—Directed by Albert Lewin: *Si Lahssen,* Cornel Wilde; *Henrik,* Mel Ferrer; *Saadia,* Rita Gam; *Bou Rezza,* Michel Simon; *Khadir,* Cyril Cusack; *Fatima,* Wanda Rotha; *Moha,* Marcel Poncin; *Capt. Sabert,* Anthony Marlowe; *Zoubida,* Helene Vallier; *Ahmed,* Mahjoub Ben Brahim; *Bandit Leader,* Jacques Dufilho; *Lt. Camuzac,* Bernard Farrell; *Lt. Girard,* Richard Johnson; *Leader Mokhazenis,* Peter Copley; *Horse Dealer,* Marne Maitland; *Villager,* Edward Leslie; *Cheikh of Inimert,* Harold Kasket; *Village Potentate,* Peter Bull; *Brahim,* Abdallah Mennebhi.

TRENT'S LAST CASE—Republic. Directed by Herbert Wilcox: *Philip Trent,* Michael Wilding; *Margaret Manderson,* Margaret Lockwood; *Sigsbee Manderson,* Orson Welles; *John Marlowe,* John McCallum; *Burton Cupples,* Miles Malleson; *Calvin C. Bunner,* Hugh McDermott; *Martin,* Jack McNaughton; *Inspector Murch,* Sam Kydd.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Bobbi Bob"—the 1920 bob gone modern. Bobbi gives waves exactly where you want them.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Note the easy, natural look of curls in this new "Starlite" style. No nightly settings needed.



Casual, carefree—that's the "Skylark," thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.



Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual "Florentine" hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

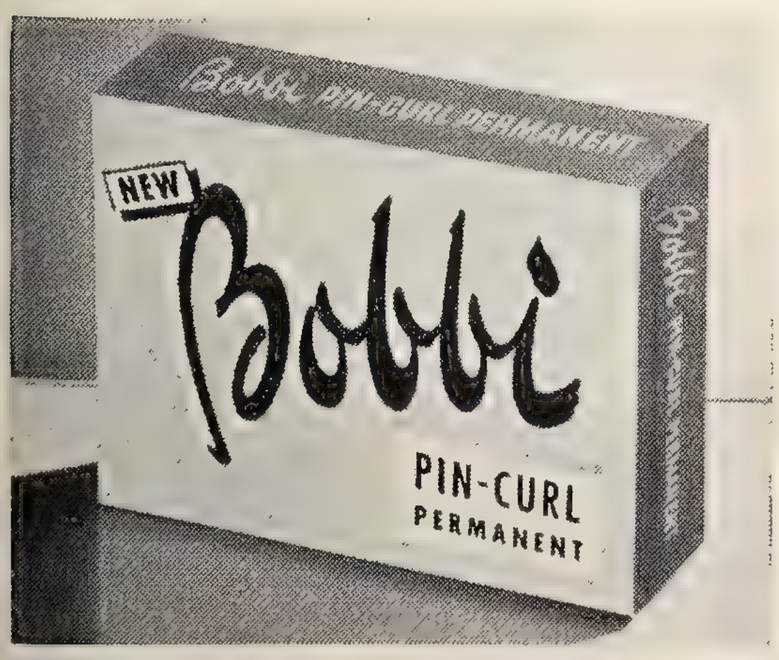
These hairdos were made with Bobbi . . . the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

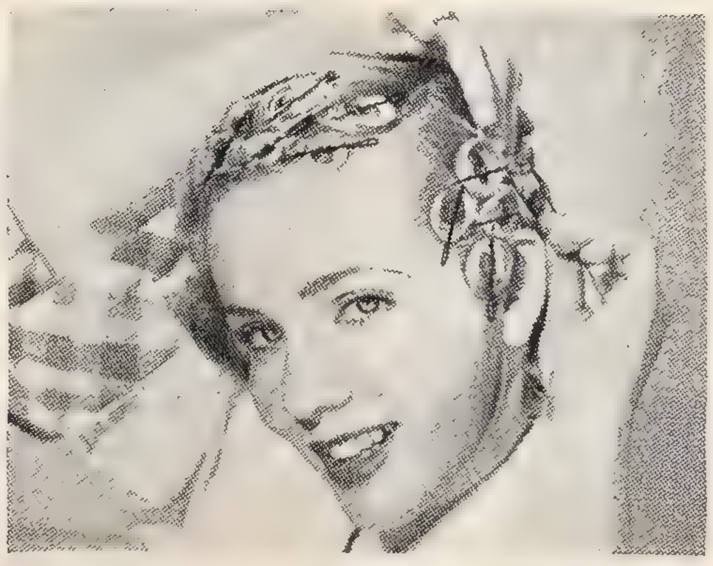
Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.





Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

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A GI vote would have saved Terry's suit!

Hollywood

THE TOWN'S STILL DEBATING about who was right and who was wrong in the affair of Terry Moore's highly publicized ermine bathing suit. The folks on Terry's side think that actor George Murphy, head of the entertainment committee that arranged the junket, was being narrow-minded when he told Terry not to wear the scanty little outfit during her trip to Korea. And the GI's who saw her in it liked what they saw. Terry, in togs like those, they said, was what their morale had been needing.

But there were a lot of people who felt George Murphy was absolutely right, and this "red-flannel brigade" insists that scanty outfits are *never* to be worn by stars who entertain our troops. In fact, George Murphy has been told to censor wardrobes in advance from now on. And that edict, a lot of people say, is going to make it tougher to get entertainers to make these junkets.

Terry, who had no idea what a rumpus she was going to start, performed for the remainder of the junket in a demure white dress, and says she wishes she'd never got the suit in the first place. (Side comment on the garment's brevity: All Terry could think of to do with it when she got home, was to have it made into a muff.)

•

There are money squabbles being discussed—those between Sonja Henie and her husband, Winnie Gardner. The property-settlement arguments preliminary to their divorce are long and bitter. As if this weren't enough, Sonja is reaching the point where she's had enough of running her own ice-show company. She says there are just too many headaches involved—and she wants out. She'd much rather, she says, sign on as a star in someone else's show.

There's a lot of irritation over the rumors that all's not well between Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding. People who know them are convinced there's nothing to this talk. And for proof, they offer the info that extensive changes are being made on their house while they're abroad—and that one of these changes is an extension to the nursery!

•

The Las Vegas hotel which had planned to book Kathryn Grayson and her ex-husband, Johnny Johnston, as a singing duo is going to be disappointed. Katie and Johnny can't get along any better now than they could when they were married. For a few weeks, when they first started rehearsals, they were all sweetness and light. But then that old, unconquerable feeling of getting on each other's nerves began all over again. Each accuses the other of having set up the singing date for self-gain—and it all blew up in a hassle over finances. They wouldn't appear together now no matter what they were paid.



Katie Grayson: Her duet with her ex, Johnny Johnston, ended on a sour note

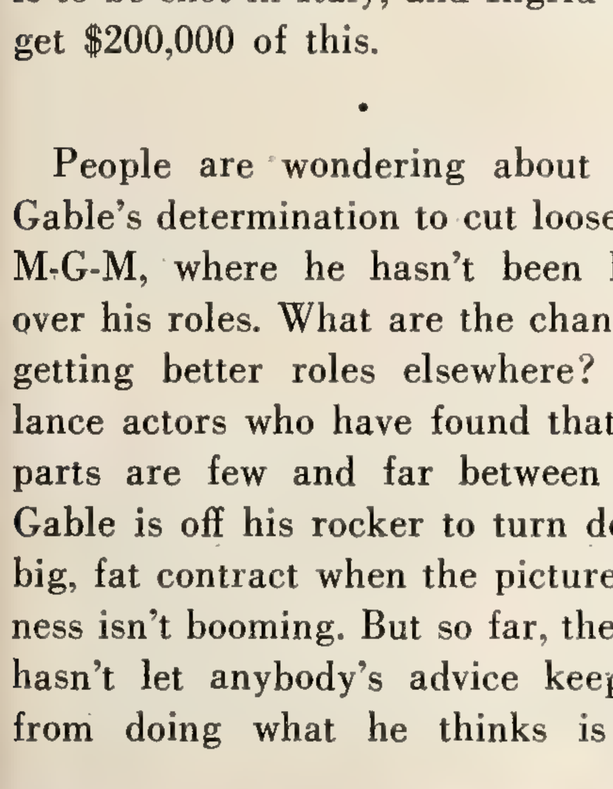
BY FLORABEL MUIR

Whispers

One of the most fascinating questions being asked is this: Will Ingrid Bergman sign with Warners to do "Helen of Troy"? And, if so, will that put her back in the good graces of producers who turned sour on her after she turned her back on Hollywood? Reports are that she's the Number One choice for Helen, and she certainly has a face that could launch a thousand ships. There's a $6,000,000 budget for the pic, which is to be shot in Italy, and Ingrid would get $200,000 of this.

•

People are wondering about Clark Gable's determination to cut loose from M-G-M, where he hasn't been happy over his roles. What are the chances of getting better roles elsewhere? Free-lance actors who have found that good parts are few and far between think Gable is off his rocker to turn down a big, fat contract when the picture business isn't booming. But so far, the King hasn't let anybody's advice keep him from doing what he thinks is best.



The King's decision to abdicate from his studio is strictly a Gable affair

HE LED THE APACHE NATION'S WILD REVOLT AGAINST GERONIMO'S HORDES!

...and won a savage beauty for his own!

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TAZA SON OF COCHISE

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Starring ROCK HUDSON

BARBARA RUSH

with GREGG PALMER • BART ROBERTS

DIRECTED BY DOUGLAS SIRK • SCREENPLAY BY GEORGE ZUCKERMAN • PRODUCED BY ROSS HUNTER

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Universal International



Three dates and the lyrics were set forever, "I love you"

THEY'RE HUMMING A WEDDING TUNE

For Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean, those three little words are bound to mean two "I do's"



A romantic duo, Mitzi and Jack adore dining by candlelight



Their world's so full, they even like doing dishes together

Their dreams are as old as time, and fresh as morning dew

It all began at a Hollywood party. Mitzi Gaynor was introduced to Jack Bean, promising young advertising executive. "Hmm, nice," thought Mitzi. But she didn't think much more than that. "Wow, great!" thought Jack. It took him about as long as it takes to murmur how-do-you-do to realize that he was in love! Mitzi was slower to make up her mind. She needed three dates.

Before very long, it was apparent to everybody who had anything to do with these two—most especially to Mitzi and Jack—that wedding bells would be ringing out before long. And to Mitzi and Jack, those bells make the sweetest music anyone has ever heard!



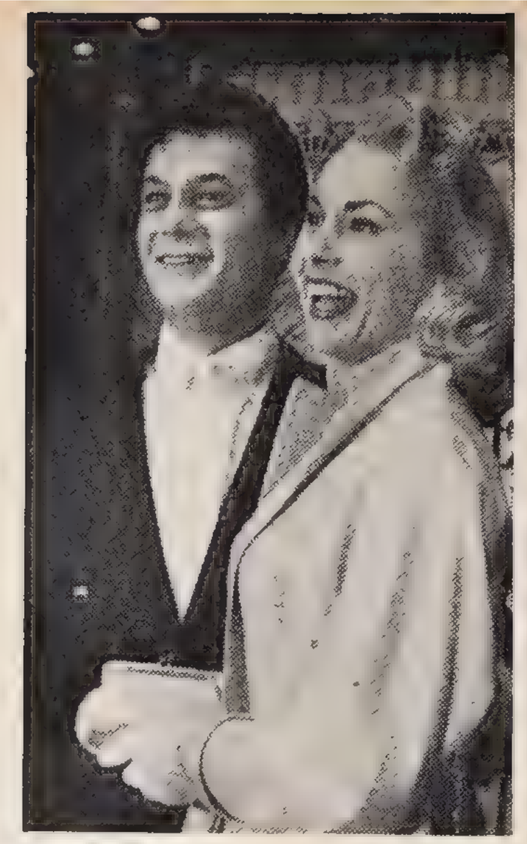
A favorite pastime—planning the house they'll live in



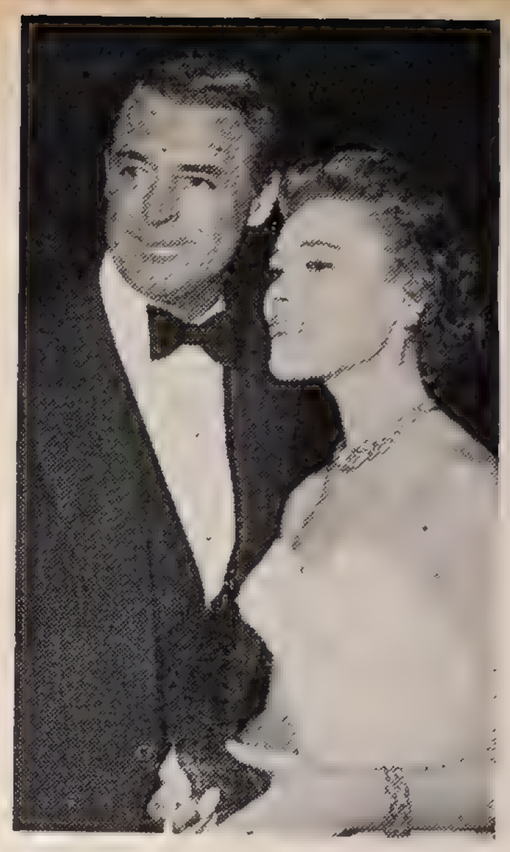
The Calhouns go to a party in honor of Darryl Zanuck



One of Jane Powell's frequent escorts is Jacques Mapes



Tony and Janet entertain for a couple of their thespian pals



Bella Darvi greets Cary Grant at the Darryl Zanuck shindig

Hollywood Party Line

BY EDITH GWYNN

BIGGEST AND MOST celeb-studded affair in a really frantic month was the enormous dinner tossed by the Producers' Guild honoring Darryl Zanuck. It was unique in that people didn't just dine, sit through a bunch of speeches and then speed away. Nope! This affair was tres gay because Chairman (Producer) Bill Perlberg had arranged for Freddie Karger to beat out dance music —and with Karger's rhythms on tap, the glamorous throng took to the dance floor for hours on end before and after the food.

I was the guest of the Bill Perlbergs, whose table included Jane Wyman (her waistline looked a trim nineteen inches!) in a simple, short, white evening gown of satin; Nancy Sinatra, in a stunning, low-cut, square-necked shortie of beige crepe and black lace; Mary Benny, ablaze with diamonds—as Jack's wit blazed forth as toastmaster. After Shirley Temple made a cute speech thanking Zanuck for the way he'd handled her career, Benny flipped, "Shirley had her first million when she was ten. I was twelve before I got mine."

Getting as much attention as the most active glamour-pusses was June Haver (with long-time beau Joe Campbell) who had only been in Hollywood two weeks after leaving the convent. She wore a very decollete, strapless, white crepe number, and her short, short hair was blonder than it's ever been. Terry Moore, in rust-toned lace over cream satin, was Jeff Chandler's date. Others on hand were the Van Johnsons; Jane Powell, with Jacques Mapes; the James Masons; Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart; the Rory Calhouns; the Jeff Hunters; George Nader (over whom the gals were gasping); Bella Darvi (who is stepping out like crazy); Cary Grant; Walter Pidgeon—and scads more . . . Time out for a note on a yummy evening gown—Ava Gardner's newest. She just has to be knocking 'em dead in Rome (where she's making "The Barefoot Contessa") whenever she shows up in it. It's starkly simple, made of pure silk, dead-white taffeta, with a tightly fitted Empire waistline and a skirt that flares out for miles. The bodice is low back and front, and it has long, tight sleeves.

Back to after-dark doings—and now it's the preem of Joan Crawford's "Torch Song," which drew a fancy crowd even though sudden high winds almost blew the lovely ladies clear across the street as they were entering the theatre. Among the crowd were Don Taylor; Marlene Dietrich; John and Marie Lund (she in jet-trimmed black); Joan Caulfield, a blonde dream in a white beaded sheath, with Frank Ross, of course; Jane Withers; Judy Garland and Sid Luft, and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Then there was the party Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis gave at The House of Murphy for Marilyn Erskine and Tab Hunter, who'd opened in the stage revival of "Our Town" that night. Jane Powell was with Pat Nerney—but Mona Freeman didn't show; Steve Crane brought his (and Lana Turner's) dotter, Cheryl; Debbie Reynolds brought her mother. And others there were Wanda Hendrix with Jim Stack; Donald O'Connor; Betty Lynn; Dick Clayton, who used to be Ann Blyth's best beau.

Poor June Allyson, bedded after an appendix operation, couldn't get to the glittery premiere of "The Glenn Miller Story" in which she co-stars with Jimmy Stewart. Jimmy, usually so shy, seemed to love facing photogs in the lobby. Donald O'Connor, beauing Sheilah Connolly, mournfully proclaimed, "I wish I had my piano with me. That's where I left my tickets!" But people scrambled around and got him two good seats anyway. Jeff Chandler was with Marilyn Maxwell; Lori Nelson and Tab Hunter; Julia Adams and Rock Hudson. With her Vittorio in Rome, Shelley Winters came dateless.

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S

COLD CREAM

NOW IN

CAMAY

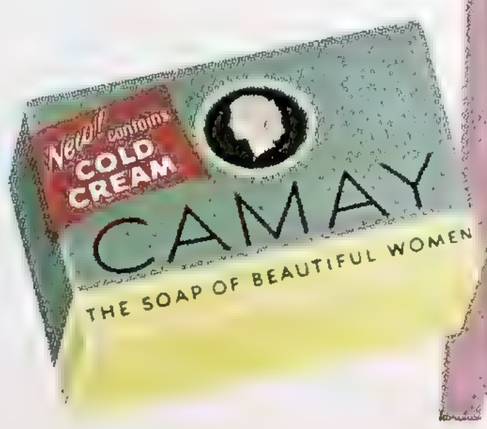


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Mrs. Robert Steller, an exquisite new Camay Bride says, "New Camay with cold cream is *so* luxurious! I love it! It's the only beauty soap for me!"

NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST!
Women everywhere tell us they love the added elegance of cold cream in Camay—the *only* leading beauty soap with this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry *or* oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed, marvelously refreshed. And, of course, you still get everything you've always loved about Camay—that skin-pampering mildness, silken-soft Camay lather and exquisite Camay fragrance. Try exciting new Camay tonight. There's no finer soap for your beauty *and* your bath!



Now more than ever . . .

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



YES, BARBARA STANWYCK uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World

4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans . . . leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin.* It doesn't dry or dull your hair!



Makes hair eager to curl! Now you *can* "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

NOW in new LOTION FORM or famous CREAM FORM!



Pour it on . . . or cream it on! . . . Either way, have hair that shines like the stars! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in famous Cream Form—27¢ to $2, in jars or tubes. In new Lotion Form—30¢ to $1.



Even a sizzling brunette like Elaine Stewart couldn't cure Dick of the jitters

NO SMOOCHING BEFORE NOON!

After managing to get un-typed as a maniac killer, Richard Widmark's been re-typed as a heroic serviceman. "At Twentieth," he grins, "it's General Zanuck, Brigadier General Van Fleet and Pfc Me." But in all his range of characters, there's one missing: He has never played himself. His screen personalities are so far off the beam that Jean and Annie Widmark, otherwise a devoted wife and daughter, can't stand Dick in the movies. They went to see one of his liveliest recent thrillers, and halfway through they got fed up with this stranger who was wearing Dick's face. So they walked out on him.

When Dick plays an iron-nerved adventurer, as he does in "Hell and High Water," it's strictly an act. In his personal life, he has always been an extremely sensitive person. The firm disciplinarian (as so many war movies depict him) once had a terrible time keeping a class of rowdy college students under control as a youthful voice instructor. His kid brother, Don, who happened to be in the class, had to restore order by walloping the chief heckler.

During all those smooching sequences with Jean Peters in "Pickup on South Street," Dick may have looked perfectly at ease, like a man enjoying his work. But he admits, "I was a nervous wreck for a week while we were shooting those scenes. Getting to the studio at nine o'clock in the morning and starting out necking!"

Reporting to M-G-M for "Take the High Ground," he found himself back in uniform—and back in the arms of a sizzling brunette. Poor Dick! He was in a fine state of jitters while dodging tactfully about in the dark with Elaine Stewart.

After a day's work at high tension, he's often edgy. "He's a lot easier to live with after a picture's finished," his wife says. "than while it's being shot. He isn't talkative. He just broods. He's something less than a hero to me at times like this." Then he reverts to his normal self—contentedly doing the heavy jobs in the garden, relaxing with Annie, who calls him "chum." If he ever does play a character remotely resembling Richard Widmark . . . well, he's a nice guy. You'll like him.



SLEEPING BEAUTY?

Don't let fresh, youthful-looking skin beauty lie dormant. Give it a chance to bloom at its *loveliest!* For Lanolin Plus Liquid, with its precious esters and cholestrols, is the closest duplication of Nature's own skin lubricants. *Softens* as it penetrates. $1, plus tax.

Lanolin Plus **LIQUID**

Get-Acquainted Bottles ONLY 25¢ EACH

SEND COUPON NOW!

LANOLIN PLUS
Dept. 1323,
30 West Hubbard Street
Chicago 10, Illinois

Gentlemen: I enclose...in cash for the following guest-size bottles of:

- ☐ 15-facial bottle Lanolin Plus Liquid.....25¢
- ☐ Guest-size bottle Lanolin Plus Liquid Cleanser....25¢
- ☐ Month-supply Lanolin Plus Hand Lotion.....25¢
- ☐ 10-shampoo bottle Lanolin Plus Shampoo.....25¢
- ☐ 15-application bottle Lanolin Plus for the Hair.....25¢

☐ **Special! All five Only $1.00**

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

We pay postage and federal tax



What to do when "Young Skin" problems attack your face

Try to cover up with heavy make-up?
"Operate" on blackheads yourself?
Give up and hope you'll outgrow it?

If your face has started sprouting blackheads, excess oil, enlarged pores —you can find remarkably quick help in Pond's special *greaseless* treatment. Hundreds of girls with complexion troubles like yours tell us how amazingly effective Pond's treatment is!

Now— a greaseless corrective for oiliness, roughness, blackheads, large pores



In Young Skin, the oil glands often become over-active, the skin sluggish. Flaky particles pile up, roughen the surface. Dirt and oil, trapped by these dead skin cells, clog and stretch the pores. Then—blackheads and "bumps" are on the way.

Do something about "Young Skin," now! Just cover your face deeply, except eyes, with snowy-cool Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, *dissolves away* clogging oil and dead skin cells . . . frees tiny skin glands to function normally. After 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Girls who use the treatment say: "Pores look much smaller" . . . "My skin looks so soft, so *clean!*"

"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!
A powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a fresh, unshiny look.

Address letters to Readers, Inc., PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Much as we would like to, we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters.

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

I would like to thank Hollywood for such wonderful pictures as "From Here to Eternity," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," "The Band Wagon," "The Robe" and "Return to Paradise" . . .

NILES HANSEN
Canton, Massachusetts

. . . I want to comment on how Tom Morton acts and dances. . . . My friends and I all think he is a handsome and talented star. All cheers for Tom . . . !

MARY PLORDE
Fairmont, Minnesota



All cheers for Tom Morton!

I am writing this in regard to a letter in PHOTOPLAY. A girl . . . wrote, "Bob Wagner should marry someone like Debbie Reynolds because she is so sweet and innocent, and not Terry Moore because it would be a disaster." . . . how could she say such a thing? Let us fans give our opinions on the stars' acting, but when it comes to personal affairs, who are we to tell them what to do? Do they tell us? After all, have we ever met Terry or Debbie . . . or gone on double dates with them? . . . Debbie has her own sweet ways, and so does Terry . . . Bob knows what he wants and when she comes along he is not going to ask the public for their opinion of her. . . .

ANN J.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I wish to congratulate Twentieth Century-Fox on their presentation of "The Robe." I only regret that the writer of this magnificent story did not live to see it brought to the screen. It so happens that I am working at one of Cleveland's biggest theatres where it has been showing for several months now. The more I see it the more I get to appreciate the picture, CinemaScope, an outstanding cast, most famed producers and directors, and most of all the beautiful story itself. . . .

PATRICE KELLER
Cleveland, Ohio

Just a few lines to let you know how much I enjoy PHOTOPLAY, and to debate a point with Sidney Skolsky. He implied that Audrey Hepburn wasn't a great actress and that Greg Peck imitated Cary Grant in "Roman Holiday." I would like to say I think Audrey is an excellent actress, especially compared to these new stars who have only looks . . . I think Greg Peck is the finest and "Roman Holiday" (along with "So Big" and "From Here to Eternity") is my favorite movie of the year . . .

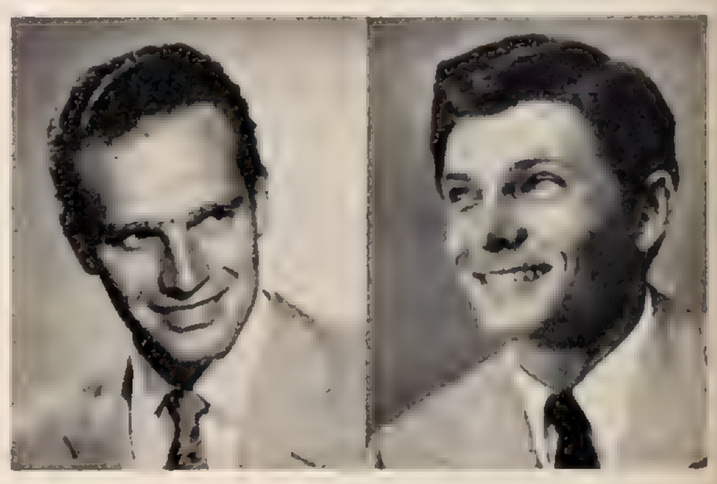
B.W.
Ventura, California

In my job as publicity manager for Guy Madison I often sit in with him when he goes over his mail. I am writing to tell you what a deep and direct influence these letters can be. Prior to the release of "The Charge at Feather River," several letters came in complaining that Guy Madison in his *Wild Bill Hickok* TV series, never took off his hat. Then after "Feather River" came out many people wrote complaining that not even in this feature film did they get to see his hair. Finally a letter asking, "Are you really bald?" turned the trick. Guy took the letter to his director, Dave Butler, at Warner Brothers, where he was about to start filming "The Command." The result: Mr. Butler went over the script and made reminders throughout to play as many scenes as possible with Guy's abundant hair showing. This appeared to me a concrete example of the power of the fans . . .

STANLEY MUSGROVE
Hollywood, California

Two of the best actors to come along in a long time are Charlton Heston and Dewey Martin. They both have talent, charm, sex appeal . . . Let's see them more often!

DOROTHY OLSON
Hempstead, Texas



The best: Charlton Heston, Dewey Martin

The boys and girls at my high school (Notre Dame) took a poll of stars and movies we most want to see. Actresses: 1, Doris Day; 2, Susan Hayward; 3, Joan Crawford. Actors: 1, Marlon Brando; 2, Kirk Douglas; 3, Tony Curtis. Movies: 1, "Lucky Me"; 2, "Julius Caesar"; 3, "Calamity Jane"; 4, "How to Marry a Millionaire"; 5, "Those Sisters from Seattle."

PHILLIS TRIONFO
Towson, Maryland

(*Continued on page 22*)



As Laura read Jim's old love letters, she could scarcely hold back the tears. She could imagine people whispering as she passed by, "That's the Morton fellow's ex-fiancee . . . poor thing! I don't know what came between them."

Unfortunately, Laura didn't know either, and she spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a *breath* of difference between "ex" and "exquisite". Once she corrected her trouble, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold . . . exquisite in *every* detail.

Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis (bad breath) instantly . . . and not just for minutes but usually for hours on end.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills odor-causing bacteria — by millions — stops bad breath instantly.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine Antiseptic kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

In recent clinical tests Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against. With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, gargle with Listerine . . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

A Product of The Lambert Company



. . . . AND FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT DUE TO COLDS . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

The same germ-killing action that makes Listerine Antiseptic the extra-careful precaution against halitosis, makes Listerine a night and morning "must" during the cold and sore throat season!



Gives your hair that "cared for" look

Grooms so naturally—no oily after-film!

Only Suave relieves dryness with miracle Curtisol.*





50¢-$1 (plus tax)

HELENE CURTIS **Suave** WOMEN'S HAIRDRESSING

*TRADEMARK

Amazing New Kind of Greeting Cards

They Contain Real Gifts... They GLISTEN Like Gems... They're Good Enough to EAT...



. . . and Each Holds a Heart-Warming Greeting!

. . . NO WONDER IT'S SO EASY FOR FOLKS TO

Make Good Money

without taking a job or putting in regular hours—AND WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!

IT'S fun to show cards as unusual *as these new KINDS of greeting cards*—and it's easy to make extra spending money *all year 'round!* Your friends will marvel at the rich glowing colors, the beautiful brand-new designs, the magic-like surprises that actually DO things! And they'll be delighted to give you big orders for famous Doehla box assortments of brand-new All Occasion Greeting Cards, Stationery, gay Gift Wrappings, and other popular money-making items.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—our FREE BOOK shows you easy ways for any beginner to make money! You make as much as 55c on each box. Mail coupon below—without money—for sample boxes on approval. No obligation. Harry Doehla Co., Studio T-43, Nashua, N. H. (If you live west of the Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, Calif.)



Makes Over $200—Buys China Set

"Bought beautiful 100-piece China set. Now I can set a beautiful table and say that your cards paid for it." —*Mrs. E. Dietze, Mo.*

HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio T-43, (Palo Alto, Calif.)
(If you live East of Rockies, address Nashua Office) (Nashua, N. H.)

Please rush—for FREE TRIAL—sample boxes on approval and money-making plan. Free samples of "Name-Imprinted" Stationery and FREE Book of easy ways for *anyone* to make money.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City..... State.....

READERS INC...

Everyone seems to think that Cyd Charisse and Ava Gardner are look-alikes. I agree! But add Rita Gam to the list and what do you have? Triplets!

B.B.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Who does Arlene Dahl think she's kidding? Saying, in a movie magazine article, that she really didn't want to marry Lex. People will go on dates by persuasion, but she needn't say she was persuaded to marry Lex Barker when she didn't want to . . .

J.W.
Clinton, Oklahoma

CASTING:

I think the . . . story "King's General" would make a wonderful movie with Alan Ladd as *Sir Richard Grenville* and Diana Lynn as *Honor.*

PAT HARVEY
Thomasville, N.C.

Saw . . . "Apache War Smoke." Robert Horton was very good in this movie. I say star him in more good Westerns.

LOUANN SCHLIES
Aumsville, Oregon

My favorite actress is the beautiful Susan Hayward. Why not star her in a romantic picture with Jeff Chandler? I heard that they were childhood sweethearts . . .

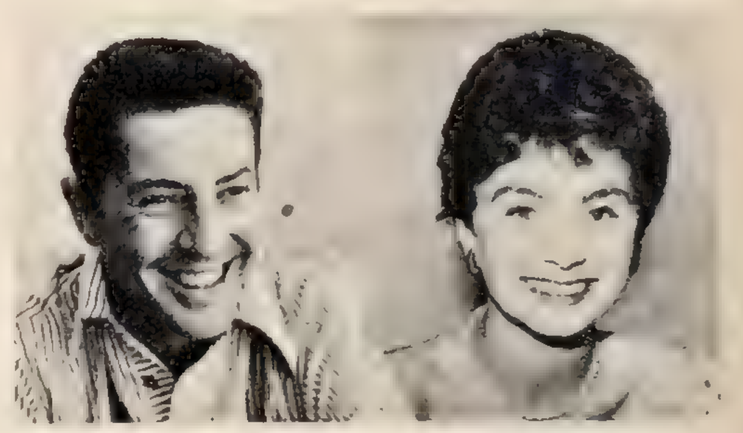
JOE NEIL MCCOLLISTER
Frankfort, Ohio

Why don't they put Debra Paget and Stewart Granger in a picture together? They would make a good pair.

CAROLYN WOODS
Big Springs, Texas

Why hasn't anyone made a movie on that wonderful book, "Seventeenth Summer," with Jean Simmons as *Angie Morrow* and Farley Granger as *Jack Duluth?* . . .

MARILYN BEACH
Alpena, Michigan



Should Jean star with the other Granger?

Some studio ought to get wise about the great talent in Bill Hayes. They should sign him for an "On Moonlight Bay" type of picture, co-starring Pat Crowley . . .

ARLENE KAHNER
Mattapan, Massachusetts

I have just seen "Calamity Jane." Doris Day and Howard Keel were wonderful. They should co-star in more pictures . . .

MARILYN PENDLETON
El Dorado, Arkansas

I think Race Gentry looks very much like Bob Wagner. Why not co-star them? . . .

CYNTHIA RISCHE
San Antonio, Texas

. . . Some studio should make the story of "Madame Butterfly" . . . Debra Paget in the title role would be superb, and Robert Wagner as *Captain Pinkerton.*

WILLIAM ROSE
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

. . . I think William Holden would be excellent in the lead part of the pilot who willingly gives up his life in "The Bridges of Toko-Ri." . . . it would win him his long overdue Oscar . . .

BARBARA GOULD
Dexter, New York

The studio agrees. He has the part.—ED.



Bill Holden gets his wings

QUESTION BOX:

Would you please tell me who played Ronald Reagan's younger brother, *Jimmy*, in "Law and Order" . . .

C.H.
Ayer, Massachusetts

That was Russell Johnson. You'll be seeing him shortly in another Western, "Ride Clear of Diablo."—ED.

I have been hoping to find the name of the theme song from the movie, "Bitter Rice" . . . If you could possibly tell me I would appreciate it very much . . .

PAULINE SHYPITKA
Cranbrook, B.C.

The music for "Bitter Rice" was composed by Goffredo Petrassi. It was inspired by the work songs of the women in the fields who, forbidden to talk, communicate by means of improvised rhymed chants. It has not been titled or recorded.—ED.

. . . I think Richard Burton is tops . . . What picture is he in besides "The Robe"?

MARIE ROUSSENE
Cambridge, Massachusetts

He was in "The Desert Rats" and "My Cousin Rachel."—ED.

I would like to know where I can get a list of all the studios and their addresses . . .

JUDY FLETCHER
Clearfield, Pennsylvania

Consult the current Photoplay Annual for listings on studios and stars.—ED.

. . . Has Roy Rogers quit movie-making, and is Rex Allen going to take his place as King of the Cowboys?

AMY GRAVES
Burdett, Kansas

Rex Allen is making cowboy films and Roy Rogers is concentrating on TV. But Roy retains his title as King of the Cowboys.—ED.

(*Continued on page 24*)



Pretty housewife Mrs. Dolores Dalzell uses detergents daily — but doesn't take chances with her hands.

"I scrub 1600 sinks a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax



Dolores Dalzell's shining home is proof of the good detergents can do. She uses them to scrub over a thousand sinks a year. (You scrub that many, too!)

While detergents cut through grease, they can rob her hands (and yours) of natural oils, and leave them rough and red.

Dolores' solution? Right after detergents — after using any harsh soap or cleanser, she puts on pure, white Jergens Lotion.

It penetrates instantly (instead of just "coating" the skin), with two softening ingredients used by doctors.

You'd never guess how often Dolores uses detergents. Her hands are as soft and pretty as the day she was married! Use the world's most popular hand care — keep your hands safe, too!

Use Jergens Lotion – avoid detergent hands



Dry, blemished* skin: "My doctor recommended Noxzema for my blemishes*", says Diana Millay, Rye, N.Y. "It helped my skin look smoother, fresher!"

"Make-up troubles disappeared after Noxzema helped heal my blemishes*!" says Linda Rand, Fowlerville, Mich. "My skin looks so much nicer!"

Look lovelier in 10 days with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier —helps keep it that way, too!

● If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion, here's important beauty news! A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine—with a special beauty cream.

Why it's so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It's *medicated*—aids healing—helps skin look clean and fresh!

Letters from all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of many so-called normal complexions.

Start tonight! Just do this:

1 Cleanse your face by *washing* with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear after this 'cream-washing'!

2 Night Cream: Noxzema helps your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes.* It's *medicated* to help heal them—fast! It's *greaseless*, too! No smeary pillow!

3 Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash' again; then smooth on Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems have lovelier-looking skin. If you don't look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back!

Look lovelier offer! For a limited time you get the 40¢ size Noxzema only 29¢ plus tax. Get this *trial* jar, then get the economical 10 oz. size for only 89¢ plus tax at all drug, cosmetic counters.

*externally-caused.

NOXZEMA skin cream

READERS INC.

In your November issue . . . someone asked if it was Rock Hudson, Audie Murphy or Dale Robertson who played opposite Susan Cabot in a Western. You said it was Audie Murphy. I agree, but didn't Rock play opposite Susan in "Tomahawk"?

LINDA WARNER
Columbus, Ohio

You're right!—ED.

. . . What has happened to Maureen O'Hara? She used to be my favorite actress, but I haven't seen her in a movie for years . . .

NORMA BALLINGER
Alliance, Nebraska

You must have missed her in "The Quiet Man" and "Against All Flags." More recently, she's been busy making "Jehad" and "War Arrow."—ED.

How about printing a picture of Arthur Kennedy and a few vital statistics . . .

RUDY KUPP
Morrisonville, Wisconsin

He's 5' 11", 170 lbs., has red-blond hair, blue eyes, is married and has two children. Next pic, "Americano."—ED.



Rugged Arthur Kennedy

Could you please put my mind at ease? Are there two Jean Peters in Hollywood? I can remember the Jean Peters in "Niagara" and "Lure of the Wilderness" as the same girl, and yet I saw a picture of another Jean Peters who starred in "Treasure of the Golden Condor" . . .

A Reader
New Castle, Pennsylvania

Must be a case of mistaken identity. The female leads in "Treasure" were Constance Smith and Anne Bancroft.—ED.

. . . How many movies have Doris Day and Robert Wagner appeared in?

SANDRA CATHEY
Beech Grove, Tennessee

Sixteen for Doris; ten for Bob.—ED.

. . . Who played in the original version of "The Covered Wagon"? . . .

NELL PAYNE
Portland, Oregon

Released in 1924, it starred J. Warren Kerrigan, Lois Wilson and Alan Hale.—ED.

I would like to know if Jeff Hunter's wife and Piper Laurie are related . . . they look so much alike.

IDA MARIE MCGEE
Folsom, California

No. Barbara Rush and Piper are not related. However, they are both under contract to the same studio, U-I.—ED.

Continued

I wish you would please settle an argument concerning Virginia Mayo. My mother insists that Virginia was a star twenty years ago . . .

CHRISTINE HENDERSON
Havana, Illinois

Virginia came to Hollywood in the '40's as a Goldwyn Girl; was given the lead in 1944 opposite Bob Hope in "The Princess and the Pirate."—ED.



Virginia Mayo: One decade!

Are records on sale of the beautiful composition of *Roelf Pool* in "So Big"? This music is so wonderful . . . never seen a movie where the mood of scenes and music went so well together.

JUANITA GOLLER
Richmond, Indiana

The music, written by Max Steiner, has not as yet been recorded.—ED.

I have just seen "Island in the Sky," and I thought it was wonderful. Could you please tell me who played the part of *Mac's* co-pilot, *Dusty*, in the picture? Also, could you tell me where can I write him for his picture?

JOANNE BERRY
Van Nuys, California

That was Tom Irish, whom you'll be seeing soon again in "Hondo." You can write him c/o Warners.—ED.



Tom Irish flew that plane

. . . who played *Captain Harry* in "Return to Paradise"?

DEANNE PARKE
Aurora, Illinois

That was John Hudson.—ED.

What recent movie starred Yvonne DeCarlo and Ricardo Montalban . . . was Vittorio Gassman in it?

YVONNE SPANGLE
Redwood City, California

"Sombrero." Vittorio was in it.—ED.

Richard Hudnut reveals two secrets of

Truly beautiful hair



Try this famous 2-step hair beauty treatment today!

STEP 1...a gentle thorough non-drying cleansing with *Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo.* It's made with real egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier for hair. This rich, golden lotion creme sudses quickly even in hardest water. Completely rids hair of loose dandruff scales and dust. Gets it *really* clean!



STEP 2...a quick after-shampoo rinse with *Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse* takes only a minute more, and gives your hair a fragrant beauty-finish! It leaves your hair soft and curlable; tangle-free, easy to set, easy to keep in place. Do as Richard Hudnut advises, and you'll be proud of your new hair beauty!



by **RICHARD HUDNUT** *of Fifth Avenue*

For complete casts of new pictures see page 9



Beneath the 12-Mile Reef

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Human passions and prejudices mingle with the sinister beauty of the seas around the Florida Keys to produce a movie full of color, literally and figuratively. A dark, curly-haired Bob Wagner is seen as one of the fishermen of Greek descent who make a dangerous living by diving for sponges. Near-by are the "conch-heads," fishermen of English descent who consider the Everglades their own exclusive property. When Bob and his father, portrayed with fine gusto by Gilbert Roland, invade the 'Glades, trouble begins sizzling. It explodes when Bob wins Terry Moore away from her arrogant sweetheart (Peter Graves). And it reaches a climax on a deadly reef. Many imposing shots put CinemaScope's width to good use. *Verdict:* Handsome, lusty, undersea adventure FAMILY

Before the brawl: Gil, Bob, Peter, Terry, Richard Boone

LET'S GO TO

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



The Glenn Miller Story

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ As the late bandleader, James Stewart uses both his own gambits, at first the endearingly awkward Jimmy of early days, then the mature man of recent Stewart movies. It's an appealing portrayal throughout, matched by June Allyson's as the neglected college sweetheart who is won in an eccentric courtship, then helps her husband find his own style and build a successful band. This is a music-centered movie, with a plot that's mostly song cues, weaving such Miller hits as "String of Pearls" and "Little Brown Jug" into the pattern of his life. And the color stays "In the Mood," shrewdly avoiding over-ripe tints. For some fans, the movie will be full of nostalgia; others will simply enjoy it for itself. *Verdict:* Loaded with delightful rhythm and genuine feeling FAMILY

In Phil Garris' new uniform, June foresees Jimmy's future



The Eddie Cantor Story

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ A great showbusiness career is retraced, with Keefe Brasselle doing a striking impersonation of the grown-up Cantor. Eddie first appears as a little orphan on New York's lower East Side. Thanks to a warm and wonderful acting job by Aline MacMahon, scenes with Grandma Esther, who raises Eddie, rise above sentimentality. A driving urge to entertain takes him from Amateur Night to nation-wide fame. But the same urge eventually endangers both his health and marital happiness. Marilyn Erskine's a sweetly plump Ida, mother of those five daughters. For the well-remembered songs, Cantor and Brasselle effectively do a Jolson-Parks routine. Other big names portrayed include Will Rogers—by Will, Jr., of course. *Verdict:* Affectionate portrait of a popular star FAMILY

Keefe has some exciting news for producer Tristram Coffin

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 110

THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

Miss Sadie Thompson

COLUMBIA; 3-D, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The famous South Seas fancy lady is reincarnated in the voluptuous person of Miss Rita Hayworth, who gives the role plenty of fire. Rita's *Sadie* is a rowdy, good-time girl, unwilling to recognize the sordidness of her life until a fanatic subjects her to a campaign of persecution and reformation. As *Davidson*, José Ferrer can't do much with a character blurred by censorship requirements. Aldo Ray is breezy and likable as the young marine who falls in love with Rita. Doubling for a more remote Pacific island, Hawaii provides luxurious backgrounds (and looks lovely in 3-D, if your theatre uses it). Among the musical interludes, a blues number is outstanding, and Rita also does some torrid dancing. Her figure's more voluptuous than ever before. *Verdict:* Vivid, spectacular drama ADULT



Aldo beats Henry Slate and Charles Buchinsky to Rita's side

The Man Between

LOPERT, U. A.

✓✓✓ Featuring the arresting personalities of James Mason and Claire Bloom, a strange love story springs out of the haunted surroundings of today's Berlin, a divided city. Claire (introduced in "Limelight") is an almost incredibly naive English girl, plunged into East-West intrigues when she arrives to visit her brother (Geoffrey Toone). As Claire's German sister-in-law, Hildegarde Neff gives a strong performance that sums up the spirit of the city. The German girl is involved with Mason, a shady character who has little conscience but a lot of charm. An over-confusing plot culminates in Claire's abduction into the Soviet Zone. Even when hard to follow, the action is brilliantly photographed, capitalizing on the striking locales. *Verdict:* Unusual suspense story ADULT



Hiding from Red police, James and Claire admit their love

Rob Roy

DISNEY, RKO; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Again, Richard Todd proves he's among the best of adventure heroes, virile and sympathetic as "The Highland Rogue." He's a fiery young Scottish nobleman, leading the last rebels against English conquerors, and Glynis Johns teams with him once more, playing his courageous bride. Goaded by a vindictive governor, Todd is branded an outlaw and forced to flee into the mountains, but he swoops down to harry the English in daring raids. It's unabashedly romantic stuff, turned out with irresistible verve. The film gets added substance from the excellent work of the whole British cast, extra authenticity from the wild scenery of the Scottish Highlands. Shooting took place there, where Scotland's Robin Hood once roamed. *Verdict:* Robust, full-flavored action FAMILY



No guards can keep Richard from secret meetings with Glynis

More reviews on next page



Just to prove how easily a few spare hours can earn you

$50.00 IN CASH!

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer like this! We want to prove how easily you can make $50.00 and more—in your spare time—taking orders for exquisite All-Occasion Cards from your friends and neighbors. Here's the astonishing offer we're making:

Fill out and mail coupon below. We'll send you a beautiful box of Greeting Cards as shown, plus other sample boxes on approval. And the cost to you is just 1c.

Yes, JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY is all you pay for beautiful cards that would cost $2 or $3 if bought separately.

Only 1 to a Family! New Dealers Only!

We're making this unheard-of offer to make more people familiar with our money-making plan. Naturally, offer is strictly limited and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments on approval, together with MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But hurry! Offer may end at any time!

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
242 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.
In Canada, write 103 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Ontario

Paste Coupon on Postcard—Mail Today!

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
242 Way St., Elmira, New York

Send sample assortments on approval, plus ONE BOX OF ALL-OCCASION CARDS at your special price of 1c. Also FREE Personalized Imprint Samples.

Name_____
Address_____
City & Zone_____
State_____

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

The Conquest of Everest — U.A., TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Right from last June's headlines comes a genuine thriller, turned out with incredible skill in spite of the difficulties of shooting. This is the whole story of the expedition that reached a triumphant climax as Hillary and Tensing became the first men ever to stand atop earth's highest mountain. You're in on all the preparations, on the arduous journey to the foot of Everest, on the painstaking climb, stage by stage. Naturally, the two victorious climbers couldn't lug heavy movie equipment to the very summit, but the drama of the situation is socked across hard. *Verdict:* Magnificent, scalp-prickling, true and heroic adventure — FAMILY

Saadia — M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Here's an unusual, exciting movie, frankly romantic, combining mysticism with violent action, given an air of conviction by its backgrounds and people. Rita Gam (seen but not heard in "The Thief") brings beauty, a cello voice and a fine dignity to the role of *Saadia*, the Berber girl rescued from a witch's grasp. Her costumes, like the real Moroccan locale, are far from the usual Hollywood picture of North Africa. Mel Ferrer is deeply sympathetic as the young French doctor who saves her life (in two senses) and falls in love with her. So is Cornel Wilde, as the local ruler who helps Ferrer in his battle against disease and superstition. And Wanda Rotha makes the witch at once terrifying and pathetic. *Verdict:* Rich, strange, fascinating journey into a far-away land — FAMILY

Man in the Attic — 20TH

✓✓✓ Our old friend Jack the Ripper again roams a fear-stricken London. Jack Palance is the man of the title, apparently a harmless eccentric, veering between amiability and solitary moodiness. Actually, he's a maniac whose mind, scarred in childhood, drives him to kill at random, street women and tempting show girls. A welcome touch of lightness is lent by Frances Bavier and Rhys Williams, as the affectionately bickering couple in whose home Jack becomes a lodger. Constance Smith is their lovely niece, a vaudeville star, and Byron Palmer's opposite her as a Scotland Yard man concentrating on the Ripper murders. Though the audience is always in on the answer to the mystery, the tension is kept taut and the atmosphere creepy, thanks to clever cutting and first-rate photography. *Verdict:* Suspenseful new version of a classic multiple-murder story, based on fact — FAMILY

The Living Desert — DISNEY, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Like "Beaver Valley," "Nature's Half Acre" and others, this live-action Disney documentary finds drama, tragedy and sprightly comedy in the behavior of wild creatures. It's a study of the great American desert, awe-inspiring, apparently desolate, but actually teeming with life. The spectacle of scorpions, tarantulas, beetles, hawks, bats out courting, hunting and earnestly trying to eat each other may sound gruesome; but seen in miraculous close-ups they all take on character, and you forget the crawly reality. As climax, there's the breathtaking beauty of cactus blooms slowly unfolding before your eyes—even an *inside* view of a bud opening! *Verdict:* Excellent nature study with many more thrills than you'd expect — FAMILY

His Majesty O'Keefe — WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ This wild, engaging yarn starring Burt Lancaster may look like the most fictitious of fiction, but here's the topper: There really was a sea captain named O'Keefe who became the king of a Pacific isle. After losing his ship to mutineers, Burt arrives at the island of Yap. Here a fortune in copra goes ungathered, because nobody's ever been able to persuade the natives to pick and prepare the cocoanuts that yield this product. Burt turns the trick, and then must defend his island against seagoing ruffians and German marines. Between all the satisfying set-tos, he dallies with an enticing native girl, then falls in love with a charming half-caste (Joan Rice, seen in "The Story of Robin Hood"). The people and scenes of the Fiji Islands, where the troupe locationed, provide a vivid setting. *Verdict:* Colorful adventure tale with more than average gusto — FAMILY

King of the Khyber Rifles — 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Under Tyrone Power's command, fierce horsemen sweep across the super-wide screen, which seems made to order for such derring-do. In India of the last century, Ty's a British officer whose mother was a Moslem. So he's qualified to cope with a planned native rebellion, but he's also the victim of prejudice. His romance with Terry Moore meets the opposition of her father (Michael Rennie), Ty's superior. Though Terry, who has enough curves to fill a corset nicely, looks pretty in her costumes, she rashly attempts an English accent. But the action's the thing, and it's kept moving, against rugged mountain scenery. *Verdict:* Romantic melodrama, given a lavish production — FAMILY

Continued



As "The Boy from Oklahoma," Will Rogers, Jr., tells Nancy Olson why he's going to wear a sheriff's star

The Boy from Oklahoma

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ In his second starring movie, Will Rogers, Jr., strikes it rich with a horse opera featuring a hero who won't tote a gun. Will's a peaceable cowboy who wants to be a lawyer and only accidentally finds himself serving as sheriff in an uproarious, boss-ridden frontier town. Nancy Olson's a comely, straightshooting tomboy, while fellow citizens are picturesquely portrayed by Anthony Caruso, Wallace Ford, Merv Griffin and others. *Verdict:* Good fun from start to finish FAMILY

Go, Man, Go

U.A.

✓✓ The saga of the Harlem Globetrotters, those fabulous clowns and champs of pro basketball, is here related in frankly fictionalized form. While the team's members play themselves, Dane Clark steps in as their manager, Sidney Poitier as his right-hand man. Patricia Breslin, a winsome newcomer, is seen as Clark's bride; Ruby Dee, as Poitier's wife. Individual scenes are nicely done, often with a good jazz score, but the story straggles and the 'Trotters aren't shown at work enough. *Verdict:* Pleasant, unpretentious sport film FAMILY

Heidi

U.A.

✓✓ The beloved story about a little Swiss girl has been turned into a movie that should please youthful admirers of the book. Filmed in Switzerland, it follows the spirited, unlettered mountain girl on her venture into the big city of Frankfurt. Elsbeth Sigmund makes a charming *Heidi,* while Isa Gunther touches the heart as the poor little rich girl whom *Heidi* rescues from invalidism. English dubbed in. *Verdict:* Quiet treatment of a children's classic FAMILY

Border River

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Again, the Civil War's fought out West, this time just south of the border, in a section of Mexico where anything goes. As a loyal Confederate, Joel McCrea invades the domain of petty dictator Pedro Armendariz. Joel has cash in hand to buy ammunition for the desperately pressed boys in gray. But local rogues covet the money, and he's also pursued by a Union detective. Yvonne DeCarlo, as a saloon entertainer, complicates matters. *Verdict:* Modest, fast-moving FAMILY

Trent's Last Case

REPUBLIC

✓✓ Michael Wilding turns detective in a British-made whodunit, based on a novel that's generally regarded as a classic in its field. The action is more mental than physical, with clues carefully detailed as Mike deduces away busily. A wealthy American has been found shot to death near his home in England, and Mike soon discovers that the dead man's secretary (John McCallum) has for some time been in love with his late employer's wife (Margaret Lockwood). With Miles Malleson, as Margaret's bottle-loving uncle, making quizzical comments, suspicion veers one way and the other. Orson Welles comes on rather late in the proceedings, appearing (in flashbacks) as the murderee. *Verdict:* Tidy, leisurely, typically British FAMILY



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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

Raising a beard for "Rob Roy" raised many a problem for Britain's Richard Todd

For any fellow actor who contemplates raising his own beard, Dick Todd has several words of sadly experienced warning: "First week: You look terrible. Second week: You itch. Third week: You seem to have a form of facial gangrene. Fourth week: The moth-eaten patches begin to get covered up. Fifth week: You have enough beard for a baby to swing on, if you have a baby. (I have, and he did.) Sixth week: It's good enough to show the bosses. Seventh week: They're convinced. Eighth week: The studio decides the beard's the wrong color, so they dye it a subdued magenta, and then they have to dye your hair to match. Ninth week: You wish you'd never started the whole thing; you find yourself wearing sandwich crumbs in the beard; you wake up at night thinking you've got the blankets wound around your face!"

All this was for "Rob Roy," and when shooting finished, the studio barbershop turned the grizzled outlaw back into the well-groomed British gentleman. Little Peter Todd, who'd been looking forward to "scrabbling around" in Pop's beard every evening, was utterly horrified; he wouldn't speak to the smooth-faced, short-haired stranger for a week.

Even more shattering was the effect on the Todds' maid, a sweet, shy Highland lass they'd hired when they arrived in Scotland on location. She had never seen her boss clean-shaven until she entered the bedroom the morning after, bringing Dick and his wife, Catherine, their breakfast. "I opened one eye," says Dick, "and I saw her looking at me. Her jaw dropped. She almost dropped the tray. The most amazing variety of emotions went over her face. You know, I was tempted to go back to the studio that day, get them to outfit me with a wig and a false beard, come home and ask the maid, "Anybody around here last night?"

A gag that lively is a bit surprising, coming from the quiet-spoken Todd. But he isn't as mild a character as he seems. In World War II, he served with the Commandos, the paratroops, the infantry and an armored outfit, all around Europe and the Middle East. He says (British understatement), "I had rather a good trip at Army expense." With or without beard—in or out of movies—that's Todd!



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by POND'S

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No overloaded puff. No blending out. Angel Face goes on smoother than plain powder, clings *much* longer. Can't spill!



Perfect to carry! The Angel Face Mirror Case
Tuck it in your handbag for a complexion "change" in 5 seconds, *anywhere!* Slim, sleek—with puff, mirror, choice of 7 skin tones, $1*

Besides the lovely Mirror Case the girl in the pink hat is using—Angel Face comes in this sweet blue-and-gold box, in two sizes: 89¢, 59¢*

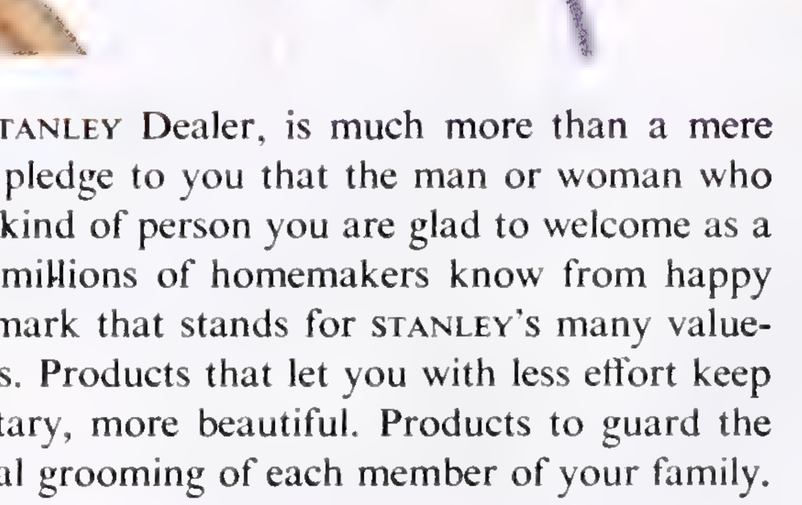
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BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

LAUGHING STOCK

Shelley Winters, breaking in a night-club act while on location in Canada, gave a performance for a troupe of Sioux Indians working in her film. When they greeted the act with sad-eyed silence, she flipped: "I guess they didn't understand me. I should have done it in Italian."

Overheard at Ciro's: "I prefer a man with a good head on his shoulders—preferably mine."

When Joan Shawlee, who has two-toned hair (it's blonde in the front) was cast as one of Bob Hope's dolls in his new movie, "Casanova's Big Night," he quipped: "This is the first time Paramount has given me a plaid leading lady."

A little boy was explaining the use of his Hopalong Cassidy pistol to Raoul Kraushar, who does the music for the horse operas.
"You don't shoot people," said the kid, "Just rabbits and girls."

Dick Wesson's telling it about a Hollywood playgirl. Her bathroom towels are monogrammed: "Hers" and "To Whom It May Concern."

A movie starlet was asked if she was interested in baseball. "I'm interested," she replied, "in anything with a diamond in it."

Joe E. Lewis thinks there should be a twenty-five-cent window at all the race tracks for children—to keep touts out of school grounds.

Overheard at the Balboa Bay Club: "It must be love. She'd rather have his arms around her than a mink coat."

Milton Berle at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas: "I saw Red Skelton last night and he said some of the funniest things that I'm going to say tonight."

The U-I film company who made "Saskatchewan" in Alberta, Canada, is still chuckling over the red-coated Mounties who policed the area in squad cars instead of on horseback. They always get their man—if the gasoline holds out.

Spike Jones says, "I will definitely be on TV this year. I just bought a used car lot."

One of those lah-de-dah movie dolls was on a tour of the Bavarian Alps, and asked her guide: "Is that a mountain or an Alp?"
"I believe it's an Alp," deadpanned her native guide.
"I knew it," replied the Irma-brained cutie. "A mountain is more pointed."

**See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station*



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Stay Fast stays on hours longer! Stays on after eating, smoking, even kissing! And thanks to creamy "Moisturizing Action," Stay Fast keeps lips smoother, softer. Choose from the prettiest, most kissable colors ever created.



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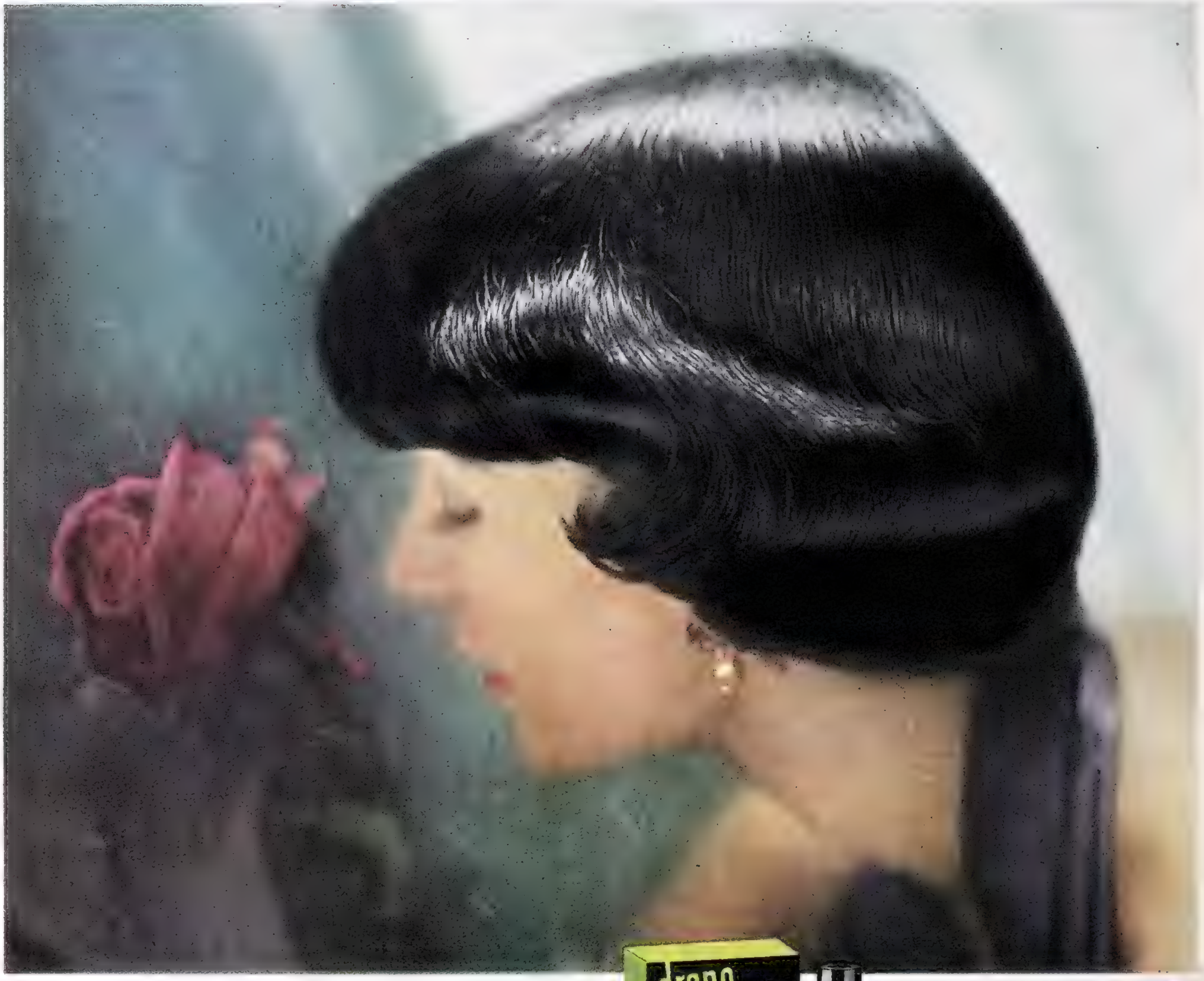
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New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

You—yes, *you*—can know the thrill of silken hair! After one Drene shampoo, your hair will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk—be so obedient! Instantly—thrillingly—Drene *silkens* your hair!

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Lathers like lightning—

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use this new formula every day.



This is a *New* Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

Susan Tenney is the baby daughter whom Esther Williams yearned for



Girl of Esther's Dreams

Susan Tenney Gage is more than a beautiful baby daughter to Esther Williams. She is—literally—a dream come true.

Although Esther didn't like to commit herself in advance, she admits now that, all along, she was yearning for a girl. "Our two little boys needed a baby sister," she says.

But in the waiting months, Esther, like any expectant mother, could only hope. She could not, of course, be sure. And so she thought of names for both girls and boys. But, just three days before the baby was born, Esther had a dream.

"In my dream," she says, "I was holding a lovely little girl in my arms. Her big, blue eyes looked deep into mine, and she said very clearly, 'Hello, Mommy. I'm glad I got here safely. And I just love my name.' In my dream, I was so surprised and delighted, and I said, 'You do? What is it?' And she answered, 'Why it's Susan Tenney, of course.' "

Susan is also the answer to an oft-repeated prayer. For, seven years ago, Esther Williams had another baby daughter—a child who did not live. Susan lives now, not only for herself, her parents and her brothers—but for that other sister, as well. Certainly, Susan is her mother's fondest dream come true.



Smith

Cool, Man, Cool! Mitzi Gaynor's dancing was one of the highspots of the Press Photographers' Ball

Stern



His wife can hardly believe it! Can Jerry Lewis really just sit still and do nothing but watch?

Down Romance Lane: Marilyn Erskine and Tab Hunter who toured in "Our Town" (Tab amazed everyone in his first play!) double-dated with Debbie Reynolds and Richard Anderson on their return to Hollywood. A few days later, Tab was on the town again, but this time with Lori Nelson. . . . And Mari Blanchard is back with attorney Greg Bautzer who had been seeing Mona Freeman in the interim. Speaking of Mona, who still insists those Bing Crosby "romance" rumors embarrass her, she catches up on movies in the private projection room of the private offices of the MCA agency—with Bing Crosby . . . Even if you don't ask Jane Powell, she will tell you her dates with set designer Jacques Mapes are purely platonic . . . And Jeff Chandler enjoys the company of Susan Hayward, Marilyn Maxwell, Julia Adams and Terry Moore!

Twinkle-Twinkle: Director Walter Lang told Cal about the time he was putting Betty Grable through her paces in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim." One morning a beautiful blonde, accompanied by her dramatic coach, arrived on the set. "The casting office sent me over to act with Miss Grable," said the unknown actress, "May I have my lines, please?" The director gave her an encouraging wink as he said, "You have one scene with Miss Grable and in it you say 'Hello.'" Marilyn Monroe roared when Lang recalled her experience!

Baby Talk: Ann Blyth and her husband finally decided to have a doctor outside the family deliver her baby in June. In the meantime, Annie continues to send letters of congratulations to Dr. McNulty's patients when their babies are born. Annie, who has just finished "Rose Marie" with Howard Keel, was rushed into "The Student Prince" when the studio heard the good news—Annie's good news, that is! . . . After her studio practically held a gun to the stork's back, Virginia Mayo will not do "Helen of Troy" after all. But the new mother *has* her "old" figure back—and how! Which rhymes with wow!

First Aid: As usual, the great heart of Hollywood responded when Ciro's bandleader, Bobby Ramos, was so seriously injured in an automobile accident. Columnist and PHOTOPLAY writer Sheilah Graham started the auction ball rolling by offering five dollars for

INSIDE STUFF

Stern



Now that Betty Grable has those legs back on the road again, she and Harry get more time together

Stern



Ann Blyth and Howard Keel, stars of "Rose Marie," are as "in tune" over a lunch table as on the set



Lori Nelson and Tab Hunter get decked out in their Sunday best for the big "So Big" premiere

Stern



Baby, Bogey and Marilyn help open "How to Marry a Millionaire." Guess who was the star of that preem.

a kiss from Jimmy Durante! Then Dean Martin immediately offered fifty dollars for a kiss from Sheilah—which prompted Jerry Lewis to offer *five hundred* dollars for a kiss from Dean! Everyone got into the act and, as a result, Bobby Ramos will have the best medical care available.

Hard to Handle: Jimmy Stewart and his wife, Gloria, took over the private dining room at Chasen's and served pheasants from their own ranch. Jimmy, who is making "Rear Window" for Alfred Hitchcock at Paramount, told his guests, "I have to wear a heavy plaster (*Continued on page* 83)

People used to flip at the

way I talked. Now that I think back

I guess some of my ideas

were pretty whacky. But . . .



BY
DEBBIE
REYNOLDS

LOOK AT ME NOW!

● For a long time, I've had a reputation as a gal who says just exactly what she thinks. And, as a matter of fact, I've been pretty pleased with myself about it. But lately, I've come to the conclusion that what was okay at eighteen and nineteen might not go over so big in my twenties. My first discovery was that there are ways—and ways—of handling a situation and speaking my piece.

One day not so long ago, I was on my way out of the M-G-M executive building, when I ran into a studio pal. He knew I'd had a pretty serious gripe. So he put two and two together.

"Did you tell them?" he asked me.

"Tell them what?"

"Tell them off," said he. And he wore a smile that could've stretched from Monday through Friday. "With your nerve, I sort of figured . . ."

I knew. He sort of figured the building would suddenly fall flat on its foundation from the impact of my wrath. "I told them exactly what I thought," I said.

He shuddered. And it was my turn to grin.

It was all about a part in a picture—a non-musical picture that would have opened new horizons for me. I wanted that part the way Popeye wants his spinach. In the worst way. And I had been cast in it. Then, a short time before shooting began, the executives changed their minds. They had called me in that day to explain why the role was being given to another girl. So I told them. "She's one of the finest actresses I know and she'll do a great job," I told them. "If it were anybody else, I'd be tempted to blow my top. But you know more about it than I do, and I agree with you completely."

Color by Bachrach; Debbie is in "Susan Slept Here"

As far as I was concerned, this was a bit of the awful truth. However, there was more to it, and I decided they might as well hear the rest. "I can't say that I'm happy," I went on. "And I do hope that in the future you won't ask me to give up anything that means as much as this role means to me."

Should I have gone off my rocker, lost my temper? Stalked forth (*Continued on page* 97)



The Crazy Costs of Hollywood Divorce



When Lana's "forever" marriage to millionaire Bob Topping had run its brief course, she wound up heavily in the red



In order to shed her husband, Geary Steffen, Jane Powell paid off with an apartment house—and a packet of pride

Financially and emotionally the stars pay plenty for their freedom. But it doesn't stop them from taking another chance on love

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



It's Rita Hayworth "who pays." As the Princess of Aly Khan, she seemed to be on top of the world. As his ex-wife, she was broke!



Susan Hayward's bank account will suffer because of her divorce. But that's just part of the total cost



John Wayne cheerfully gave Chata the fabulous divorce settlement she demanded. Tougher to face, were his children's hurt glances



The end of her idyll with Vincent Minnelli left the once effervescent Judy Garland frightened and lost

● Divorce is never pleasant. It's filled with heartbreak, with a sense of personal defeat. It's seldom a step that's taken lightly—almost always a last resort, a way out when all else has failed. When it comes, the cost is heavy—in loss of personal pride, in emotional exhaustion, and often in dollars and cents. But if the need is urgent, these penalties must be faced.

The trouble with such penalties is that they're not paid off and then forgotten like monthly bills. The pinch is felt for a long time—and the over-all effect is sometimes crippling.

Can John Wayne, for instance, afford to marry again? Can Susan Hayward afford to divorce? Will Rita Hayworth continue to pay Dick Haymes' alimony? And what was it really that murdered the romance of Jane Powell and Gene Nelson? You'll find the answers in the Ledger of $ove and among a trail of broken hearts in Hollywood, and you'll see that, for movie stars in particular, the cost of leaving is terribly high.

John Wayne has to clear $150,000 a year before he can draw so much as a breath for himself. His first wife, the former Josephine Saenz, gets ten per cent off the top of the cream from everything Duke makes. And he makes a million dollars a year—before taxes, that is. John's other wife, the lady you know as Chata, is receiving $50,000 a year from the ex-mate she loathes, for the next ten years. And is Mr. Wayne complaining? No siree. He's a man who just loves to be married and to heck with the price. He has a pretty Peruvian dish all picked out now—Pilar Palette—and his pals will bet you three to one, that Pilar will be Mrs. John Wayne, (*Continued on page* 84)



When his storybook romance turned to tragedy, Guy's love could work no miracle for Gail

BY PAULINE SWANSON



Gail Russell once had everything —beauty, talent, luck and Guy

The Story of GUY MADISON'S HEARTBREAK MARRIAGE

● Guy Madison sat unnoticed in his car outside a back entrance of Santa Monica City Hall at ten o'clock in the morning last November 27, while newsmen, newsreel cameramen and photographers jammed the entrance foyer of the building.

The newshounds, of course, were on the trail of the latest Hollywood celebrity to land spectacularly in the clutches of the law.

Guy, looking taut and troubled, was waiting for his wife of four and a half years, who, at the moment, was being arraigned on a charge of drunken driving. She had been separated from him for almost a year, but no matter what had happened during their turbulent married life, she was still Gail Russell Madison. And she needed Guy now, perhaps more than she ever had.

Gail looked very young and very small as she stood in the bleak courtroom. But she was noticeably calmer than she had been in the pre-dawn hours two days earlier when she was arrested.

Her lawyer was at her side, and Guy's business manager was in the courtroom, too. But most important of all, Guy was waiting outside, ready to offer his strength, his solace. He would drive her home, and stay with her there, protect her from the curious, from the too-eager press, protect her from the chronic fear that was now overwhelming her—the fear of being alone and friendless.

The police officers read their evidence into the record in dry-as-dust voices: Miss Russell's speech had been rambling and incoherent when they attempted to question her (*Continued on page* 89)

Photo by Ornitz

Smith



Mamie's in "Yankee Pasha"

A vivacious doll, *silver-blonde Mamie Van Doren plays the cello, loves to swim and can sing any man into a romantic mood*

Stern • Petticoat by Don Loper • Stole by Saks-Fifth Avenue



Rhonda's in "Yankee Pasha"

Flaming redhead, *with a siren figure, Rhonda Fleming starred at track and basketball, can take dictation from a man—in shorthand!*

Eve with curves: *Chestnut-haired Corinne Calvet has a mind of her own—and the Gallic wit to make every man like it!*

Corinne's next, "The Far Country"

Globe photo



Gentlemen prefer blondes,
brunettes and redheads—providing
they have plenty of

SUGAR AND SPICE

Bernard of Hollywood



Jeanne's in "Duel in the Jungle"

The ingenue type—*until Jeanne Crain got her Irish up. Now she's a redhead with plenty of oomph!*

Quirk



Liz is in "Rhapsody"

Exquisitely feminine, *brunette Liz Taylor blends her alluring womanhood with little-girl appeal*

Stern



Elaine's filming "Brigadoon"

Auburn-haired *Elaine Stewart, a model date, likes sailing, sewing, rare steaks and polite sirs!*

When I say that a man's
best friend is his mother-in-law,
people look at me as
if I were compiling a joke book. But
they should live with mine!

So Nice To Come Home To

BY JEFF HUNTER



Since our son Chris came, Mother Rush has been taking care of us all—full time

● Long distance couldn't have taken much longer. Finally, after what seemed like a couple of eighty-second minutes, the operator reached Santa Barbara. "Hello, mother," said my brand-new wife. "Mother . . . I'm married."

Naturally I was concerned when I saw Barbara's face grow solemn. I was even more concerned when she held the receiver out toward me and I could hear nothing except a heavy, dead silence.

"Why doesn't she say something?" I asked Barbara.

"She said something, Hank," came my bride's solemn voice.

"Well, what, for instance?"

"She said, 'Oh, no!'"

As a bachelor, I'd always maintained that there was nothing like a fellow getting off on the right foot with his mother-in-law. However, when I faced the problem as a bridegroom, I found myself feeling as if I had two right feet. "Hank," now Barbara was grinning and handing me the phone. "She wants to talk to you."

I brightened considerably. All was not lost. At least Mrs. Rush was still speaking to me. This lovely lady had helped us plan our wedding—the one that was to have been a formal church ceremony, the kind all mothers dream of for their daughters. But, while



With Barbara and me both working, life without mother-in-law would have meant chaos!

movies encourage romance, picture schedules seldom stand still for details like ceremonies and honeymoons. Although Barbara and I had set a fairly definite date some time before, neither of us was certain we'd be able to keep it. So, on the spur of the moment one evening, we decided to elope. "I know you're disappointed, Mrs. Rush. . . ." I began to stammer.

"Of course, I am, son—a little, I must admit," she said. "But not enough for it to really matter."

She was telling me not to worry about a thing when suddenly it dawned on me that she'd called me "son." Just as suddenly, I was calling her "mother." Today, when I happen to mention that a man's best friend is his mother-in-law, some people look at me as if they're convinced I'm compiling a joke book. Or have lost at least part of my mind. Then I either explain, which takes a little time—or introduce her, which ends the discussion in nothing flat. In the latter case, results are predictable. Almost immediately, even the worst skeptics are calling her "Mother Rush."

"That situation of yours is unique," a buddy of mine once said.

Unique it may be or may not be. But of one thing I'm sure: It's wonderful! I've no reservations about telling the world that we'd find it pretty difficult to live without Mother Rush.

Our marriage wasn't terribly old before I realized that my wife had a gem of a parent. (*Continued on page* 87)



Was it Kirk Douglas who put the kayo on Dempsey's romance?

THIS



Has the Lana-and-Lex hot romance cooled to the breaking point?

RUMOR: ***"Lana Turner did a two-day hideaway in a London hospital and Lex Barker is fit to be tied. She didn't tell him she was leaving. . ."***

FACT: Not a bit of truth in it. This is just another example of the ugly stories that have been plaguing Lana and Lex ever since they were married. And the stories appear to be deliberately planted to cause disorder in their lives. We checked with a close friend who was with Lana regularly all during the time she was making her picture in England and learned that the star and her husband are ideally happy and have never had a cross word. This, of course, will undoubtedly change, because all married couples do quarrel at times; but as of now Lana and her man are as cheerful as larks and glad to be back home in America. Married in Italy, the couple repeated their vows in a candlelit ceremony in Hollywood on Christmas Eve. This marriage looks pretty solid.

Photoplay's fact-finding reporter goes to work to bring you the truth behind those rumors about the stars



Was Gene Tierney telling all when she said she had come back to the States to make up her mind about Aly?

Is Jane Powell still carrying a torch for Gene Nelson?



RUMOR: ***"Gene Tierney arrived in the United States from Europe to give some thought to the question of whether or not to marry Aly Khan..."***

FACT: Baloney! Gene Tierney has given all the thought she needs to this question and a long, long time ago she came up with the decision to marry Aly any time he bought the ring. She actually came to this country to give Aly a chance to miss her. Pressure stuff. The truth of the matter is that Aly would be willing to marry Gene if it were entirely up to him. But it isn't. His father, the Aga Khan, spiritual head of the Moslems, is getting a bit worried about his boy's publicity and is dead set against Aly marrying another movie star. Aly is his successor and if he doesn't watch his step, he may never get his weight in diamonds.

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

IS THE TRUTH

If this marriage does take place, you can bet it will be despite stiff protests from Aly's father. But as for Gene making up her mind, it's done!

RUMOR: ***"Kirk Douglas is really burned up because of the newspaper stories that linked him with Mrs. Estelle Auguste, the rich widow who said Kirk was the cause of her broken engagement to Jack Dempsey. . ."***

FACT: That is not a rumor—it is a rank understatement. Kirk was furious. He spoke to lawyers. He said things to reporters that they couldn't print. We looked into it and found out that Kirk's only meeting with the lady was a casual one at a crowded cocktail party in Paris. He never saw or heard from her again until he read in the papers that he had "wrecked" Dempsey's coming marriage. This is a good example of what can happen to stars if they are not careful. Some people think a pleasant smile and an autograph from a star is a vow of life-long friendship. Kirk's affable air made him a victim of this error. He privately says he likes much younger girls than Mrs. Auguste (despite her thirty-five million bucks) and if he ever wanted to steal a fiancée, he'd make sure she didn't belong to Jack Dempsey.

RUMOR: ***"Farley Granger is letting his hair grow in the hope that he will be given the leading male role in 'Helen of Troy'. . ."***

FACT: Baloney! Farley is another lad who doesn't care if he ever sets foot in movietown again except to visit his folks. Farley earned his reputation as a star by hard work. But he would give it all up if he had to live in a town where he feels he is not understood or particularly liked. Farley keeps an establishment in Paris, which is his permanent residence, and one in Rome. He doesn't even have a suitcase in Hollywood. If the movies want him from now on they'll have to go to him. But then again, if "Helen of Troy" is really going to be shot in Italy

RUMOR: ***"Van Johnson has so many pictures lined up after he winds up his contract at M-G-M that he'll probably never have a day off again in Hollywood. . ."***

FACT: Van Johnson, at the present moment, doesn't care if he ever steps inside a movie studio again, and he won't commit himself to do anything more than earn enough money for taxes. And, although there have been unjustified rumors of marital discord in the past, this new career attitude may well result in real disharmony in his marriage. When Van visited New York last winter, it was for the sole purpose of feeling out Broadway producers regarding a career on the stage. He found out chances were good, and after he visited the theatre he had worked in as a boy and got a whiff of the stage, he said he didn't want to leave. You can bet that he will go back to Broadway next season to stay if he can. His wife, Evie, is not so keen on the idea because she likes the comfortable life they live in Hollywood. She may stay on the West Coast. This is not a healthy situation—and no one can predict what will come of it.

RUMOR: ***"As soon as Gene Nelson gets back to town, you can look for a resumption of his romance with Jane Powell. . ."***

FACT: As the song goes, "Never in a Million Years." The boat has sailed. As some of the wise columnists predicted long ago, Jane is on the town and taking dates where she finds them. Currently the head man is Pat Nerney, the former husband of Mona Freeman. Jane is having a ball and Gene, they say, is thinking of going back to his wife—if she'll have him—and his son, Chris.

RUMOR: ***"There is real bad blood between Gary Cooper and Richard Widmark after that fist fight on the set of 'Garden of Evil' in Mexico. . ."***

FACT: Hooey! That fight, which made the front pages, was about as rough as a tussle between a couple of monks. It was all a publicity stunt. A regular fight scene was shot—with nary a blow connecting except one accidental whack on Gary's lip. The press agent on the picture saw his chance and wired the news services that the actors had gone wild and slugged it out. They say that Gary, Widmark and Cameron Mitchell, who was also in the scene, all had dinner and a good laugh about it that night.

RUMOR: ***"It looks as though Susan Hayward and Jeff Chandler will make it legal as soon as their divorces are final. They are inseparable . . ."***

FACT: If "making it legal" means they'll get married, don't believe it. Sure, when they are both in town, Susan and Jeff do see a lot of each other, but they are far from inseparable. Susan has not been going out too much because she doesn't think it looks too good for a woman to play the night-club circuit until the judge parts her from Jess Barker. But at the proper time, she'll be there. And Jeff has been dating other girls just as much as he has Susan. Susan, when checked about this "romance," put it better than we can. "Jeff and I," she said, "are very good and long-time friends. And right now I need a friend." We hear no wedding bells from where we watch the stars.



There seem to be no reasons

WHY CAN'T MITCHUM BEHAVE?

BY

JAMES

HUNT

for his actions, but once you know him, you know what demons drive him

● Bob Mitchum has gone and done it again —made himself a raft of new headlines that have tongues clucking and brows wrinkling. And the sad thing about it all is that Bob, somehow, just couldn't help himself.

It is perhaps one of his major misfortunes that he resents officialdom with a furious resentment—an antipathy that goes back to his boyhood, when at the age of sixteen, he was cruelly tossed into the horrors of a Georgia chain gang merely for the sin of being broke and hungry. From babyhood on, he has resisted authority; rightly or wrongly, he has fought to be the opposite of a "yes man." He is unable to tolerate even the slightest pushing around or the simplest questioning of his motives.

"Bob," says Dorothy, his wife, sadly, "has the rugged independence of an Army mule."

Unluckily for Mitch, this facet of his character is inescapably mixed with a compulsion to have everyone like him. The result is a curious compound of orneriness and overamiability. He seems forever torn by impulses to go overboard in one direction or another. "Poor Bob," a close friend once remarked, "he has always fought against hurting himself, his family and those he loves; but sometimes he seems unable to help himself. Something perverse—some demon—always seems to be nudging him. He is one of those tragic men born to be their own worst enemies."

Certainly Bob's unpredictable antics baffle and sadden his friends. Those who know him only slightly dislike him intensely; those who know him well have an affection for him that comes close to adoration. They respect his intellect, admire his humor and humanity and feel a little awed by his rare sympathy for the little guy. Yet, even those fondest of him know there are times when Bob, driven by deep, subconscious guilt feelings, acts like a raging child banging his head against a wall, inflicting pain on himself—but paining his friends and family even more.

Bob's last escapade shocked intimates, and even his most devoted friends agree that it was curious behavior. What happened was that Officer J. N. Ryan, patrolling L.A.'s Wilshire Boulevard, saw Mitch whip his black Jaguar speedster around a right turn and "race along like a (*Continued on page* 100)



"Bob," says wife Dorothy, "has the rugged independence of an Army mule"

This independence has brought about many an unhappy brush with the law



Director Harman walks in on Lori Nelson, Jack Kelly

Jack Kelly gives his all in "Boy Meets Girl" with Gregg Palmer, Mamie Van Doren

"I've never been to high school," says Mamie. But that's not what's bothering Hugh O'Brian!



"The Bronx Is a Long Way from Bagdad," a skit, up Tony's alley



Audie Murphy suffers for his art in big scene from "A Lonely Guy"



Rock's acting in "The Fourposter" has Susan Cabot up in the air!

Movie audiences will never see the U-I talent show. It's strictly a family affair.

Puttin' on an Act

For several weeks every year U-I's huge Phantom Stage (so-called because it was built for the movie, "Phantom of the Opera,") hums with activity. Youngsters gleefully go through their own routines or watch Estelle Harman, head of the talent department, put the others through their paces. Though it looks like bedlam, there's method in the madness. This year's show, the third put on by the studio, is part of a million-dollar talent program which has more than earned its keep. The show, called "Inside U-I," is designed not only to give U-I contract players extra experience, but to display their versatile and sometimes unsuspected off-beat talents. Through these shows, U-I's young players have again and again obtained better breaks, not only on their own lot, but also on loan-outs. For executives from all the other studios scramble for invitations to this glorified—and exclusive—Amateur Show.

Tony Curtis is in "Johnny Dark"; Rock Hudson, Gregg Palmer, Jack Kelly and Lance Fuller in "Magnificent Obsession"; Audie Murphy and Susan Cabot in "Ride Clear of Diablo"; Hugh O'Brian and Dick Long in "Saskatchewan"; Brett Halsey and Mamie Van Doren in "Yankee Pasha"; Lori Nelson in "Tumbleweed"; Kathleen Hughes in "The Glass Web"

Between the acts: Front row: Rock Hudson, Dick Long, Brett Halsey, Kathleen Hughes. Second row: Lance Fuller, Hugh O'Brian, Lori Nelson



Jim McNulty worships his Ann—not as a movie star but as the wife of his dreams



"The Student Prince" will be Ann's last picture before her coming blessed event

prelude to a Lullaby

For ten years she's been the town's favorite daughter. Now Hollywood's acting like an anxious parent over Ann Blyth's blessed event

BY TONI NOEL

● When Ann Blyth has her baby late in June, the event will be the perfect storybook sequel to a perfect storybook romance. Ann and Jim hope that the baby will be born on their first wedding anniversary, June 27. And with the neat way all the pieces of Ann's life have of falling into place, nobody will be surprised if that's the way it happens.

"They lived happily ever after" is a phrase that seems to have been invented just for Ann. "Everything she does is done so perfectly," a close friend of hers once said, "that you have the feeling Ann is just following a celestial script that was written long before she was born."

Ann is humble about all the good fortune that has befallen her. And, being Ann, she disclaims all credit. She feels that a force far greater than herself has shaped the pattern of her life. And she is devoutly grateful for this.

To one of her dearest friends, the operative word in Ann's well-being is "Love." "Ann has been surrounded by love all her life," this friend put it, "and that's no doubt because so much love emanates from her.

"She is simply incapable of disliking anyone. To Ann, all people are good. She will agree that some, perhaps, are misguided. But as far as she is concerned, no one is innately evil. You know the old saying—that it's hard for anyone to frown in the face of a smile. That's the way it is with Ann and love."

It's hard to believe it, but there was a time—before her marriage to Jim McNulty—that Ann was some-

(*Continued on page* 104)





Sir Lancelot (Bob Taylor) fulfills oath to the dying King, casts sword, Excalibur, into the sea

A

PHOTOPLAY

PREVIEW

"Knights of the

Color by Bolton



Throughout the ages, the world has thrilled to the romance of medieval England. And to the deeds of valor of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. In one of its most lavish Technicolor spectacles, M-G-M tells the story of King Arthur's heroic struggle to overthrow the enemies who plotted against the peace of England . . . of a man's love that plunged the country once more into bloody warfare . . . of Sir Lancelot who renounced his love for Queen Guinevere to keep his knightly vows to Arthur . . . of the King who died to keep England a united realm

Agreeing that they must deny all their dreams of love, Queen Guinevere and Sir Lancelot embrace and vow never to meet

Round Table"



No shadow of the sorrows to come mars the wedding of King Arthur (Mel Ferrer) and Guinevere (Ava Gardner)



Guinevere, safe in Camelot, cannot forget the unknown knight who had come to her rescue on her perilous journey to court



At the feast of Pentecost, knights and ladies celebrate—for on this day Arthur was crowned, and Guinevere became his Queen



Terry's Mom hasn't weakened yet!

TERRY AND HER GANG

BY LUELLA KOFORD

They swarm through her home, take

● One night, when our daughter, now Terry Moore, but then Helen Luella Koford, was fifteen and a leading light in Glendale High's banana-split and juke-box crowd, my husband and I returned from an hour of grocery shopping, to find our driveway and the street blocked with motor scooters, Model A Fords, assorted jalopies, bicycles and cut-down hotrods.

To put it mildly, Terry's long-suffering father was more than a little annoyed. "When will this invasion end?" he groaned as we parked with difficulty a half block away and toted armfuls of rolls, hot dogs, potato chips, pickles, popcorn, peanuts, quarts of milk and soda pop into the house.

"Lamar," I told him, remembering I was a teenager's mother, "this is only a phase. It will pass just as all the others did."

So, what happens? Today our driveway and the street are blocked with regulation cars, a sprinkling of Cadillacs, Jaguars, M. G.'s, and other sleek jobs. And Daddy and I are still filling the house with the same party food.

From all this, you may gather that our daughter Terry is a gregarious girl who surrounds herself with dozens of friends. And you're so right. "All Alone By the Telephone" has never been one of Terry's favorite songs. She's vivacious, curious, interested in people, in acting, music, scores of sports and she has enough energy to run a power plant. As one of her closest studio friends remarked, "That Terry gives vitamins to vitamins!" (*Continued on page* 93)



Rock Hudson



Merry Anders



Jerome Courtland



Susan Zanuck



Donald O'Connor



Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson

Pictured here are just a few of Terry's gang

command of her kitchen—but Terry's mother loves every invasion!

Mom took this picture! Bob Wagner co-starred with Terry in "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef," is now one of the "crowd"





The Marilyn no one knows—quiet, studious, searching for the happiness that has, so far, eluded her

To the world she is a daringly dressed, glamorous blonde. But alone, stripped of her fabulous masquerade, she's an uncertain woman haunted by childhood fears

ORPHAN IN ERMINE

BY JANE CORWIN

The school bell rang, shattering the silence of the "quiet period" in the sunlit kindergarten on one of lower Hollywood's more shabby streets.

Sun-tanned, robust boys and girls, arms outspread like airplane wings, flew out the door with shrill shouts of "Hi, Mom," "There's *my* daddy," and were quickly engulfed in waiting arms. One bone-thin, sallow girl with fine, blonde baby hair blowing into her eyes, shuffled out.

Why run?

She knew nobody would be waiting for her. There was no expression on her sullen, withdrawn face as she stood silhouetted in the doorway, watching the glad reunions. When everyone had departed, the little girl brushed the hair from her eyes, smoothed the badly-ironed, too-large dress, took a better grip on her tin lunchbox and slowly sauntered up the street to what, at the moment, she called home.

That little girl was the girl you now know as Marilyn Monroe.

Seated in the Twentieth commissary one day recently, shortly after she'd returned from making "River of No Return," she recalled the story. Her eyes turned somber and she said, simply, "I remember that as though it happened yesterday. All the kids but me running up to their fathers or mothers. You know," she paused, a tiny frown creasing her forehead, "I never even knew my father. Someone told me he died before I was born, but later I learned that he'd just disappeared. Nobody knows where.

"I'll never forget my first day at school. I'd been living with an English (*Continued on page* 106)

The Monroe the public knows—glittering, gay





Put a sparkle in your eyes and
a gleam in his with these newest
make-up tricks from Hollywood

MAGIC IN YOUR EYES

BY CORINNE BAILEY

● Do you know that at night, when she's all done up in a lovely, floating formal, Piper Laurie wears gold on her eyelids?

Do you know that Joan Crawford, when she wants to be particularly startling, and especially when she's wearing a plain black velvet dinner dress, wears rhinestones on her eyebrows? And do you know why, with or without rhinestones, she wears her eyebrows so thick?

Did you ever stop to think what it might do to emphasize the color of your eyes, if you blended your eye shadow using a combination of green, blue and silver? This is one of Debra Paget's favorite make-up tricks.

Do you know why, though Marilyn Monroe is the first to admit that she bleaches her hair, she keeps her eyebrows a dark brown? Or why Debbie Reynolds sees to it that the space between her eyebrows exactly matches the length of one eye? Or why Joan Evans never goes to sleep at night before she has put oil on her long lashes?

The reasons are simple: to make the most of their eyes. And every one of these little tricks can help you make your eyes the most beautiful in any gathering. Whether your eyes are naturally too small, too colorless, or too dull, they can be adorned to look like the most exquisite in the world.

It's all a matter of the right eyebrow pencils, correctly used, the right eye shadows, ditto, mascara, ditto, a color sense and imagination.

Ask any make-up man in Hollywood and he'll tell you that the eyes chalk up forty per cent of the beauty of your face, with the mouth registering thirty per cent and the nose another thirty. Though there's not a lot you can do about the mouth and much, much less about the nose, there's almost no limit to how striking you can make your eyes.

Hollywood is so all gone on this subject that in Beverly Hills there is actually a shop devoted entirely to eye make-up. It's run by eye expert Aida Grey, who "custom tailors" for the glamour girls—shadows concocted of two, three or even more tones; mascaras ranging from black through deepest brown to blue, green, gray or gold; brushes of the proper textures; pencils of the proper shades. It was Miss Grey who originally persuaded the girls to put their eye shadow on, not horizontally, but diagonally, up from the inside corner of the eye to just under the brow. Try it yourself, sometime. You'll be delighted with the exciting new effect.

As Debra Paget says, "Most girls don't experiment with their make-up, (*Continued on page* 80)

Portrait of Debra Paget by Stern

Richard may shock Hollywood. But
Mrs. Burton likes him just the way he is—
even if he does love football
almost as much as he does his wife!



Dick's wife, Sybil

I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TAMED

BY

SYBIL BURTON



Dick couldn't get used to being accepted as a "saintly" character in "The Robe"

● I don't think my husband and I had been in Hollywood more than ten days, when the word began to get around that Rich was a rough-hewn, off-beat character. And it's easy to figure out how it got started. He loves to talk, and he has a way of saying things that get repeated.

Sitting in the studio commissary one day, after he'd been holding forth at great length, he stopped himself in mid-sentence. Then he said with a straight face, "You know, I talk too much." No one at the table denied this. And he went on, "My father always said I should have been a politician."

He paused for just a moment, and without so much as a wink at me, he added, "I think I'd have been good at it. At least the baby-kissing part. Especially girl babies, aged seventeen."

Knowing Richard, I'm sure he didn't set out deliberately to confound or astonish anyone. But he wouldn't do anything to prevent it either, because he takes such an impish delight in being himself.

But, in turn, he's been astonished too. He was truly surprised when his first starring role on this side of the ocean—in "My Cousin Rachel"—made an impression. "I didn't think I looked good enough or could be a romantic leading man," he said then. Again he was surprised after the raves he got for his performance as the noble *Marcellus* in "The Robe." He just couldn't get used to the idea of being accepted as a saintly character. "All my life," says Rich, "in English movies, or on the stage in London, I've (*Continued on page* 95)

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Star-bright Accents

Soft leathers, shining patents, bright new colors make exciting accessory news

Eva Gabor is in
"Captain Kidd and the Slave Girl"

Photo by Stephen Colhoun

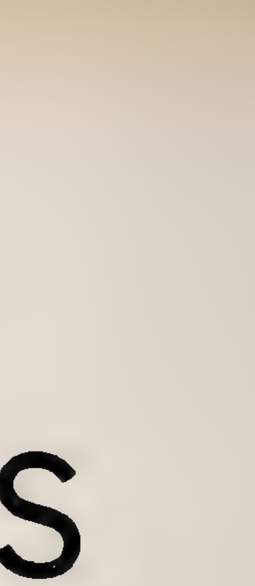
MORE FASHIONS →

Star-bright Accents

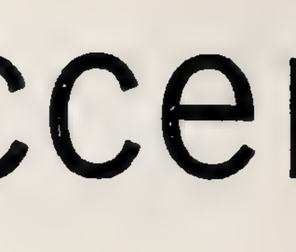


To minimize a tiny waist, lovely Pat Crowley selects this little black barathea suit. By Minx Modes. Under it —a red print blouse. Sizes 7-15. $25. Madcaps hat. Amelia Earhart luggage

a. *Conversation box-bag, authentic wormwood, antique iron handle, lock. Gay striped lining. $10.95. By Ingber*



b. *Soft as butter, white doeskin shorties, navy embroidery on back and around cuff. Washable. $5.95. By Kay Fuchs*



c. *Exciting high-vamp strap sandal. Blonde/benedictine calf combination, white inlaid perforations. $9.95. By Joléne*

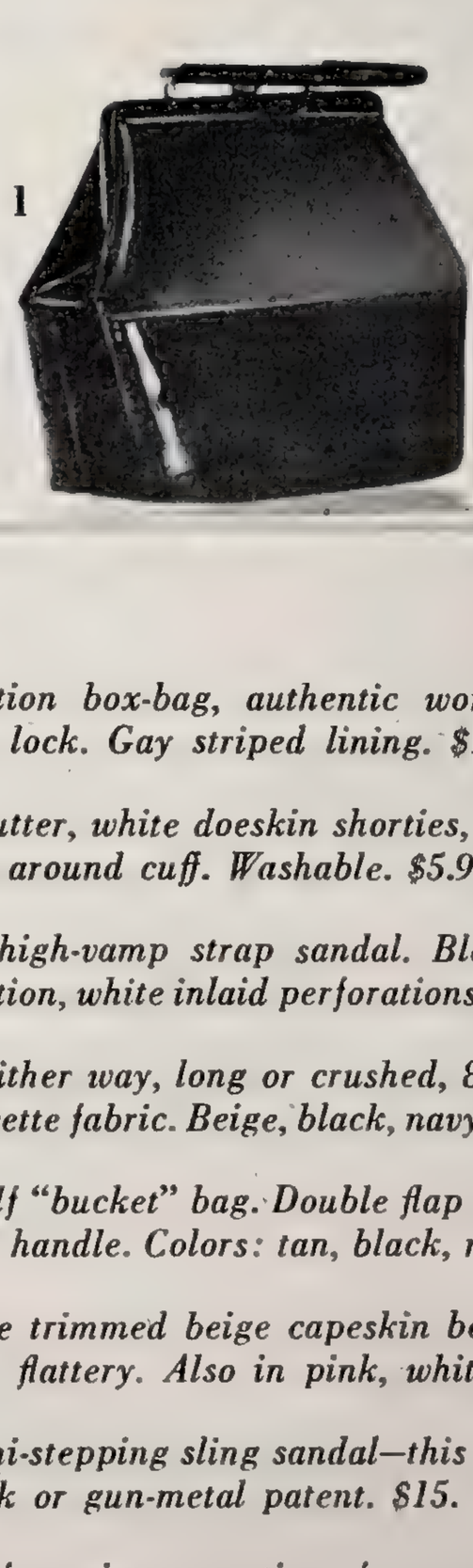
d. *Elegant either way, long or crushed, 8-button gloves of washable Elvette fabric. Beige, black, navy. $4. By Dawnelle*

e. *Roomy calf "bucket" bag. Double flap top closing. Fake tortoise shell handle. Colors: tan, black, red. $8. By Kadin*



f. *Rhinestone trimmed beige capeskin belt. Scalloped for added figure flattery. Also in pink, white. $6. By Charm*

g. *Backless hi-stepping sling sandal—this year's shoe news. Colors: black or gun-metal patent. $15. By Rhythm Step*



h. *True-as-life spring carnations for a gay touch to your new spring finery. White, red, pink. $1 ea. By Flower Modes*

Pat Crowley's new picture: Paramount's "Money From Home"

Here they are — the prettiest, softest

accessories in years! They're this season's *right accent*

for a truly flattering and feminine Spring!















i. *Surprise! Red calf sling pump with inside platform, white piping. Navy, calf or patent. $12.95. By Naturalizer*

j. *New tapered heel pump, lace stripping, back bow detail. Polished pine aniline calf, black patent. $10.95. By Wohl*

k. *Tailored 1½ inch top grain cowhide belt, caught up with metal buckle. Natural, red, black and turf. $2. By Schaffer*

l. *So big! If you dote on oversized bags. Black plastic patent pouch with fake shell handle. $10.95. By Companion*

m. *In hand, neat little calf clutch. Inside zipper pocket and card holders. Colors: navy, red, black. $5.95. By Jana*

n. *Smooth leather, flat casual shoe with self tassel trim. A wonderful suit shoe! Red, black, ginger. $15. Rhythm Step*

o. *Soft, red, calf box-bag, single top handle. Perfect for everything in your wardrobe. Black, navy, blonde. $10.95. Jana*

p. *Slim, elegant red umbrella with crooked black handle set in rhinestones. Has matching case. $8. By Henryson*

To wear now and through summer, Joanne Gilbert selects a fitted Irish linen suit with detachable collar. By Duchess Royal. Sizes 10-18. $30. Pillbox hat by Madcaps Wear-Right gloves

Joanne Gilbert's latest: Paramount's "Red Garters"

For "Where-to-Bu
see pages 70 and 8

MORE
FASHION
→



For spring smartness, Mitzi Gaynor chooses this fleece topper with a cardigan neckline and sunburst detail. Sizes 5-15. Pink, red, beige, white. $30. By Jaunty Junior. Hat by Madcaps. Gloves by Dawnelle

All jewelry and handbags plus Fed. tax.

Mitzi Gaynor's latest: 20th's "Three Young Texans"

Star-bright Accents

More accessory highlights — the kind

that make your costume definitely Spring '54

. . . yours at budget flattering prices!



All Black and White photos by Christa

a. *Newest neckband of "Patina" patent. Peter Pan, safety pin closing. $3. Matching contour belt, self buckle. $6. By Charm*

b. *Imported cotton glove with continental flavor. Hand-sewn, embroidered shortie. White/red cherries. $4. By Wear-Right.*

c. *Silver-tone finish, ice-blue stone turtle pin. $2. Matching clip-on earrings. $2. Also in crystal tone with silver. By Coro*

d. *Shining strand of smoked crystals with rhinestone sparkle. Adjustable to ride high, low or in between. $5. By Marvella*

e. *"I love coffee, I love tea," engraved compact and lipstick set. Gift wrapped for you in black satin case. $11. By Ciner*

f. *Silk crepe square with boxed-off stripes and giant key motif. 36" size, hand-rolled edges. Red, navy, royal. $3. By Glentex*

g. *Attractive 17-jewel wrist watch. Casual black dial, gold plate, genuine black suede strap. Also red dial. $39.50. By Orloff*

h. *Budget-priced, white, rabbit-fur collar with pert red rose for glamour. Also comes in beige, brown. $8. By Fleischer Furs*

i. *The delicate touch, 18" silk chiffon square scarfs, hand-rolled edges. White, red, beige, coral, pink. $1 ea. By Glentex*

j. *For a Victorian touch, add spring violets as nosegay or for lapel. Purple, pink, white, yellow. $1 each. By Flower Modes*

k. *Faille pouch, topped with double cord handle, covered frame. Navy, black, brown faille, or broadcloth. $11. By Ingber*

l. *Dainty, smoked crystal drop earrings, to match smoked crystal choker as seen above in number D. $3. By Marvella*

For "Where-to-Buy" see page 86

To glorify the natural charm of your beauty zone*

Wear Life Bras by FORMFIT



If you are one of the 53 out of every 100 women who are dissatisfied with the bra they're now wearing, know the thrill of wearing the right LIFE BRA! Because only Formfit makes bras for every figure need.

No two women have exactly the same bust contours. This is the reason bras must be designed in so many styles, for the full bust, the small, the firm, the pendulous, the "A" through "D" cup.

Possibly you are one of the 53 out of every 100 women not now satisfied . . . possibly you are not aware that bras, whether bandeaux, longline, strapless or padded, are available to fit your individual requirements.

If so, know—as our fitters know, *a bra must fit you—you must not be uncomfortably molded to a bra!* No other brand offers the precise fit made possible by LIFE Bras. LIFE by FORMFIT offers the largest selection in the world. Now, surely, you'll want to make your next bra a LIFE Bra! $1.25 to $6.50 at the better stores.

• • •

Life Bra shown, #515, has hidden stays in quilted underbust for proper shaping of cup and firmer support. Elastic releases g-i-v-e for comfort, deep-hem sides hold bra in place. Nylon taffeta and nylon lace, A, B, C, $4.00.

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Star-bright Accents

Here's "where to buy" clothes and accessories seen on page 65

Eva Gabor wears white bouclé coat, cardigan neckline, belted back. Also red, pink, blue. $65. By Swansdown. Altman's, N.Y.C. Jewelry by Napier. Dawnelle gloves.

Imported Italian hemp elastic belt. Natural, red, orange. $5. By Criterion. Hudson's, Detroit, Mich.

In step with any 9-5 schedule, calf pump. Taffy, red. By Friedman Shelby. $10. At all fine shoe shops.

Adjustable uniform pearl choker. $3. By Richelieu. Stern's, N.Y.C.

Beige/white polished calf pump. $11. Wohl. Stewart's, Baltimore, Md.

Blonde calf satchel, single top handle. $15. Ronay. Bonwit's, N.Y.C.

Bold pearl earrings. White, pink. $1. By Richelieu. Stern's, N.Y.C.

Casual calf pump, white stitching. $10. By Velvet-Step. At fine shops.

Red calf under-arm bag. $16. By Coronet. Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.

Antiqued gold or silver pin. $5. By Sandor. At better dep't. stores.

Red glacé, 4-button, slip-on glove. Beige, pink, white, black. $5. By Superb. A & S, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Long, black, plastic patent bag. $10. By Lennox. Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.

To taper, slim, black nylon and mesh patent pumps. Also navy. $9. By Trim-Tread. At fine shoe shops.

60″ knotted pearl rope. $5. White, pink. By Richelieu. Stern's, N.Y.C.

Navy/white calf T-strap sandal. $15. Paradise. At fine shoe shops.

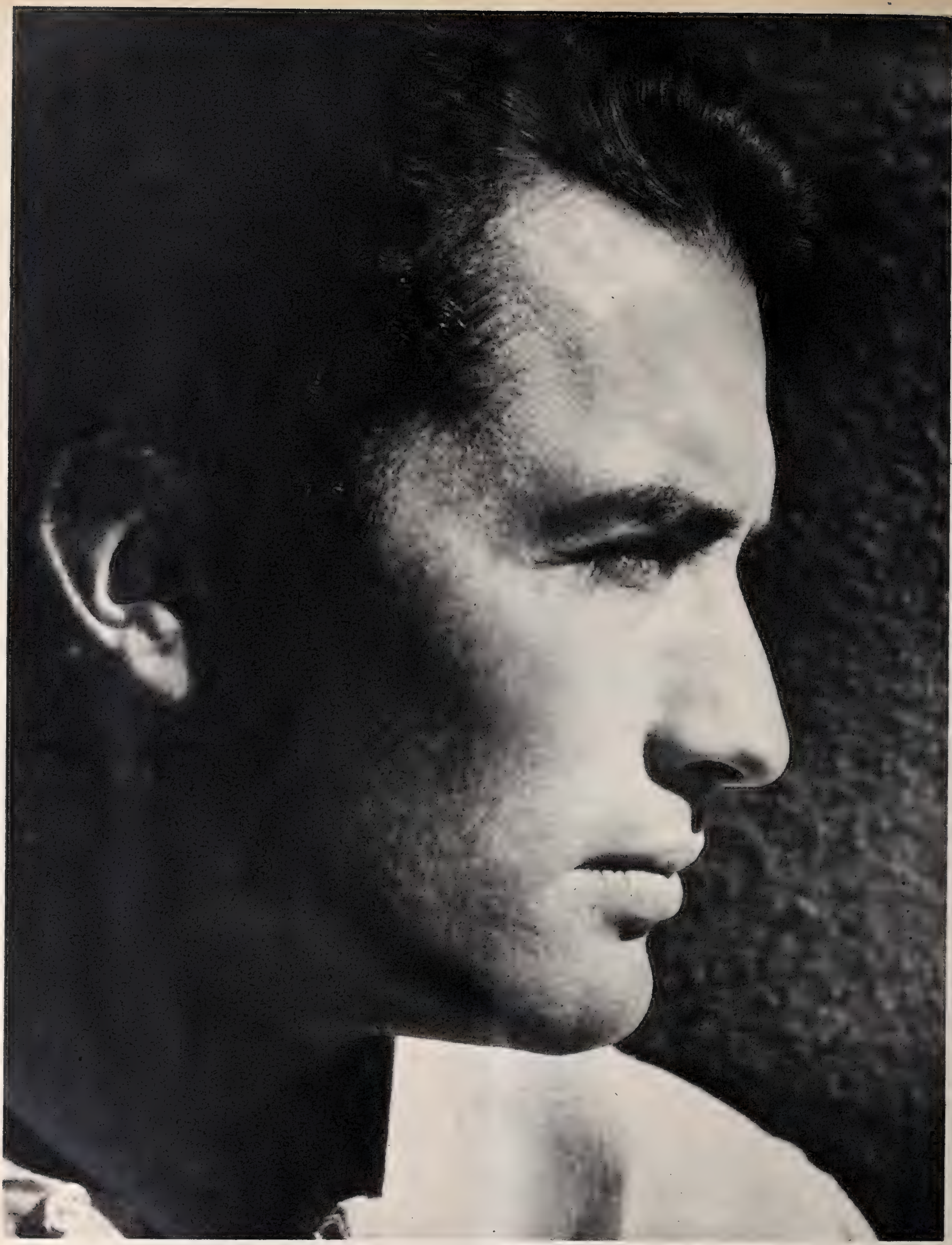
Green calf pump, tapered heel, beige stitching. $17. By DeLiso Debs at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.

Photoplay

PICTURE GALLERY

ROCK HUDSON

A house on a hillside is Rock's idea of heaven, where he pumps his beloved player piano, relaxes happily in blue jeans and entertains his crowd. He's moved ahead too, as an actor. In "Magnificent Obsession," co-star Jane Wyman was impressed with Big Rock's acting



GREGORY PECK

While romantic rumors, talk of divorce, fly around Greg's handsome head, his career is undisturbed. A top box-office attraction, Greg's besieged by picture offers both here and abroad. He's in "Night People"



JEAN PETERS

She turned down a teacher's degree to become an actress. And goes to the head of her class as Hollywood's leading mystery woman. Her off-screen life remains private. Jean's just completed "We Believe in Love"

Photoplay

PICTURE GALLERY





KIRK DOUGLAS hadn't seen his boys for nearly a year when he flew in from Europe to spend the holidays with them. Mike, the athletic one, had to show him a new set of muscles. So did little "me too!" Joel. When the wonderful visit was over, Dad returned to Rome to finish making film, "Ulysses," crammed with memories—and hot dogs!

JEFF CHANDLER is a devoted father and he worries about what a divorce in the family would do to Jamie, a serious, warmly affectionate child, and happy-go-lucky Dana. And though, since his separation, Jeff's name's been linked with many leading glamour girls, his heart and his spare time from making "Yankee Pasha" belong to his girls



ALAN LADD wouldn't think of going anywhere without his family. When he and Sue went to Europe, son David and daughter Alana, above, went too. And collected six dogs during their trek abroad! When Alan's studio sent him to Spain for "Black Knight" scenes, the kids started packing. Where one Ladd goes, the rest are sure to follow

GENE NELSON lost his head and heart temporarily, but deep down he worried about son Chris, especially dear to him because the Nelsons lost their first baby. His romance with Jane Powell over, Gene finished "Crime Wave" and headed East to try for a reconciliation with his wife, Miriam, and to spend time with his "spittin' image" son



AUDREY HEPBURN

Her nose bothers her—but not the men. They think it's cute. Hollywood's new, exciting young star is pursued by two men in her next picture, "Sabrina Fair"—Bill Holden and Bogey. Guess who gets her!



TAB HUNTER

Girls who think elopements are romantic won't get him—he likes church weddings. But right now he's concentrating on his career, taking acting and diction lessons. Tab's latest is "Return from Treasure Island"

Photoplay

PICTURE GALLERY



JANE RUSSELL

Now we know the secret of that gorgeous figure—exercise! But not too early—Jane's a sleepyhead. The dynamic Jane decorates the screen in "The French Line." This brunette's definitely on the preferred list

JUNE ALLYSON co-starring in "THE GLENN MILLER STORY" A Universal-International picture COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



The most Charming complexions in Hollywood,

like June Allyson's, are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap

June tells us she's used Lux Toilet Soap ever since she was on the Broadway stage, at age 14. When she came to Hollywood, she found she was in pretty good company —9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use it regularly. Maybe you didn't get such a youthful start with Lux Toilet Soap, but there's no time like right now to find out why the Hollywood stars believe in it so. And—you can have your money back if you aren't just as pleased with Lux Soap as the stars are. Incidentally, you can see Hollywood stars on the Lux Video Theatre every Thursday evening.



DEAR BOSS



Thanks for suggesting an early vacation! You'll notice I got away in a hurry, too—because I bought one of those Expense-Paid Tours by Greyhound.

What a wonderful bargain! You see, it's not really a "tour"... because you're free to travel alone or with your own special friends—you can stop off wherever you choose—and there's no one conducting you around on a rigid schedule.

The whole thing is more like a delightful vacation-in-a-package. One price for the entire trip...including transportation (all arranged), hotels (all reserved and paid-for in advance), special sightseeing and entertainment.



I came down here on one of Greyhound's new "Air Suspension" buses (no metal springs in them!) and it was the most comfortable, scenic trip I've ever made. The people you meet on a bus seem to be more informal, neighborly—lots of fun...and the service was just grand all along the line.

Lots more to tell you about people and places when I get back!

Irene

P.S. You and the Mrs. ought to try a Greyhound Tour! Here's the kind of coupon that got me started...



- **FLORIDA CIRCLE** 11 Days from Jacksonville . . . **$85.85**
- **EVERGREEN CIRCLE** 3 Days from Seattle **28.15**
- **LOS ANGELES,** 4 Days **13.50**
- **NEW YORK CITY,** 5 Days **28.20**
- **WASHINGTON, D. C.,** 4 Days . . **24.50**
- **MEXICO (Escorted)** 12 Days from San Antonio . . . **$149.10**
- **DENVER,** 3 Days **15.50**
- **NEW ORLEANS,** 2 Days **14.00**
- **CHICAGO,** 3 Days **15.65**
- **SAN FRANCISCO,** 4 Days **18.50**

Add Greyhound round-trip fare from your home. U. S. tax extra. Prices subject to change.

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Mail to Greyhound Information Center, 71 W. Lake St., Chicago 1, Ill. for handsome illustrated map, to help plan vacations, estimate prices.

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TS-54

GREYHOUND

Magic in Your Eyes

(*Continued from page* 63)

particularly with their eye make-up, nearly enough. And they don't know what fun they're missing. If a girl will really study her looks and try a dozen or twenty different make-ups till she gets the right one, she'll know a real thrill."

To see how well Debra practices what she preaches, take a look at our color photograph of her on page 62. Her eyebrows didn't naturally grow so wing-like and distinctive. Her eyes did not always have that alluring upward swing. She started "training" both her brows and her lashes when she was only ten years old. Not many girls begin thinking about how they look that young, but Debra did, because she had known ever since she was six years old that she meant to be an actress. She boned up on make-up just exactly as she did on singing, dancing and diction.

And it certainly paid off! The eyes had it when it came to her first big career break, the role of the almost-mute little Indian girl in "Broken Arrow." The part demanded a girl who could do most of her talking through her eyes. And Debra's luminous, distinctive eyes seemed to be made to order. Of course, as you know, she had to wear brown contact lenses for this particular role, since there is no such thing as a hazel-eyed Indian—and Debra is hazel-eyed. But it was what she does with them that turned the trick.

When, as a child, Debra observed that her eyebrows were too close to her eyes, she set herself a rigid schedule. Three times every day she brushed the brows up, up, into the line she wanted them to follow. She touched them with vaseline to hold them in place by day. At night, she shaped them with lanolin.

At times, during the training period, Debra's eyebrows got a little shaggy, and then she learned the art of tweezing—just a hair here, another there. And now you see the glorious result.

As for her eyes seeming to slant upward, that's skill and artistry—a matter of good eye-pencil drawing. If you doubt this, look closely at Debra when she appears in "Prince Valiant" as Janet Leigh's sister. Because Janet's eyes are round, Debra's were made up round, too, the corners de-emphasized, rather than elongated. It's fantastic how much this makes her look like Janet. But right now, she's playing a "Princess of the Nile" (in the movie by that name) and she boned up on Egyptian art before she started to experiment with her make-up. Result is, her eyes are perfect Egyptian—tilted, long, exotically alluring.

The method Debra used to raise her brows years ago is one which every Hollywood star knows, and one with which you can easily do some eyebrow-raising of your own. The means by which Debbie Reynolds separated the space between her brows is even easier. Just tweezers.

The space between your brows should be alabaster-smooth, and about the length of one eye. If that space is too great, you'll look startled; if it's too small, you'll seem to squint. The proper proportion is easy to achieve. Just pluck a few hairs out, or draw a few in, as the case may demand.

The actual drawing of the eyebrow line does take practice, and a sharp point on the pencil. But to begin with, are you sure you're using the right color?

Eyebrow pencils cost very little, and pay you dividends a thousand times over. So why not experiment a bit with shades? And with ways of applying your pencil? Have a look at the lines the stars wear, and then adapt them to your own facial structure—and to your age. You'll find a

fairly heavy brow is effective if you are mature. That's the reason for Joan Crawford's. There's a beauty who knows every trick in the book, and you know how ravishing she always looks, with those strong brows of hers dominating that gallant face. When she dips a few rhinestones into liquid adhesive and dots them along those brows, the result is wildly glamorous.

If you have red hair, either real or acquired at the beauty parlor, *don't, don't* bleach your brows to the same shade. Your brows are intended to draw attention down to the eyes, not up toward the hair. How much of her naturally exquisite beauty Arlene Dahl loses by matching her brows to her hair, there's no telling; but smart Missy Monroe wears quite dark brows to let you concentrate on those glistening orbs of hers.

Once you've mastered the ideal eyebrow shape, then you "shape" your eyes, and "color" them by the way you shadow your lids and mascara your lashes.

You've probably tried black and brown mascara—but have you ever experimented with blue, and gold, and blue-grey and green, or a combination of all of them? And have you thought about conditioning your lashes by daily care, so that they're supple and can take effective advantage of your mascara tricks? Joan Evans uses oil on her lashes at night to keep the ends of them soft and gleaming. She puts a little of the oil on the skin around her eyes, too, to soften it and, by day or candlelight, to give it alluring glisten.

Piper Laurie worked out her gold evening eye shadow by mixing various eye-shadow pastes—and with her carrot-top it is tremendously effective. Make up a color for yourself. Naturally you can't wear a very startling color during the day, but at night you may go as far as you like, or as your date likes. But heed this fundamental Hollywood rule: Eye shadow should seem to begin nowhere and end nowhere. It should simply fade off. The trick is a matter of subtle blending. Practice will soon show you the most effective method.

To "color" your eyes, you work both with eye shadow and mascara. Our mothers used to feel wildly "fashionable" when they matched a blue dress to blue eyes, or a brown velvet to brown ones. But Hollywood girls are more subtly color-conscious than that, as you can be. Subtle green eye shadow, subtle green mascara can make brown eyes startling. Lavendar shadows above blue eyes will give you that striking Liz Taylor effect. But any lines you draw around your eyes, even below them, should always end by going up. Lines going down are aging.

You will have put on all your other make-up before you do your eyes, because you don't want any powder over eye make-up—except possibly over your brows. If you powder your eyebrow line lightly after drawing it, (and then brush the excess powder off) it will stick, just as your lipstick does when you powder over that. But put your mascara on at the very last moment, when your eye shadow is all exquisitely blended, your nose all powdered, your lipstick flawless. And to be sure that your eyes look mysterious if it's night, or clear and sparkling if it's day, examine your make-up by a light as nearly like that which you are to be under later as you can possibly manage.

The true art of make-up, as Hollywood practices it, is to look as casual and as natural as possible by day, as bewitchingly glamorous as you can by night. And in no part of make-up does this hold true as much as in eye make-up.

Besides, to make a beauty of yourself is more fun than anything. Except romance, of course. And that, as night follows day, comes next. THE END



says
Candy Jones

CONOVER SCHOOL Beauty Director:
"I've seen this complexion care help hundreds of Conover students. That's why I say . . .

Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet soap!"



"Even my dry skin looks blooming with this wholesome beauty-care!"

—says fashion model
BETTY McMULLEN

"Students at the Conover Personal Improvement School learn to beauty-wash twice a day with Cashmere Bouquet", says Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover). "I've seen so many skin types—dry, oily and normal—thrive on this regular care".

"I thought my skin was too dry for soap and water", smiles lovely Betty McMullen. "But Candy taught me to beauty-wash with Cashmere Bouquet. I just cream that fragrant lather over my face with my fingertips—and it leaves my skin glowing—softer—no more dry, flaky patches!"

So why don't you try this complexion care . . . watch *your* skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet soap!

Complexion and big bath sizes

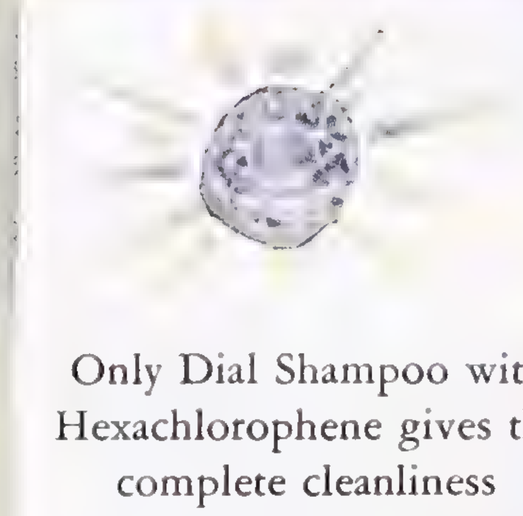
Shampoo this diamond sparkle

into your hair with new

DIAL SHAMPOO



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Only Dial Shampoo with Hexachlorophene gives this complete cleanliness

Now a *new* kind of shampoo! This wonderful new shampoo with Hexachlorophene gives your hair clean-smelling freshness and a diamond sparkle!

You've never been able to get such *complete cleanliness* with ordinary shampoos. You'll like the new squeeze bottle, too—it's unbreakable and so easy to use!

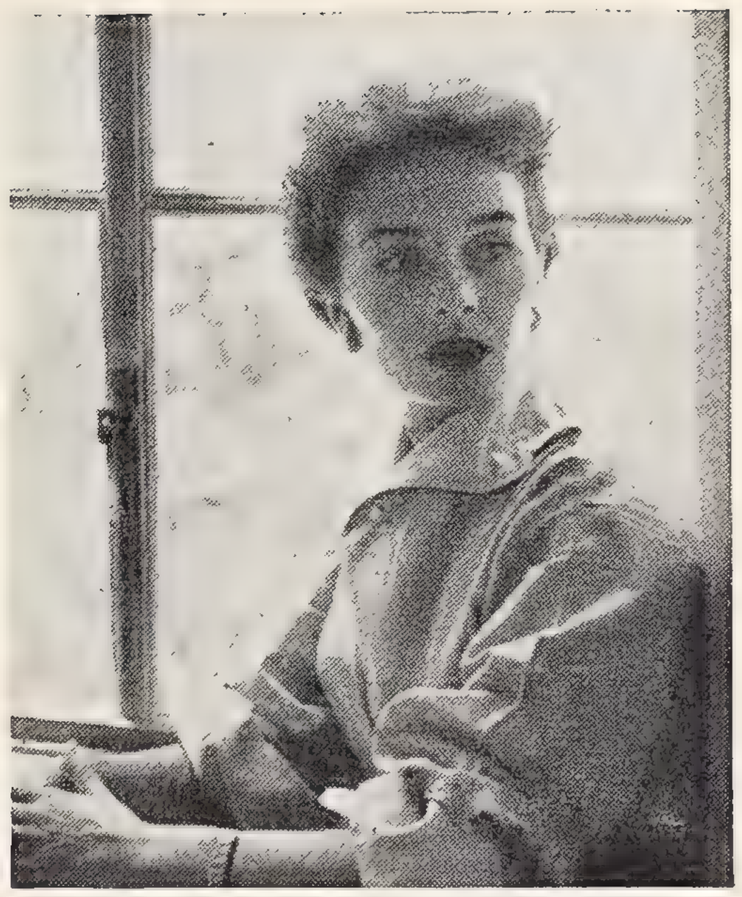
No other shampoo gives this glorious Dial beauty—yet leaves your hair so easy to manage!

New beauty comes *naturally* with Dial Shampoo because it leaves your hair dazzling clean, dancing with light. Wouldn't you love to try it—today?

For fun and laughs watch Pride of the Family and Your Show of Shows on TV every week.



Concern for daughter Maria may be the reasons for the Coopers' odd agreement



A new picture deal had Jean Simmons in tears until she talked to husband Stewart

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 37)

cast on one leg throughout the picture and each morning after the fresh plaster hardens, I can't walk! Well, no one remembered that I'd have to go to lunch and back and forth to my dressing room! When it finally dawned on them, they had to hire a man just to push me around in a wheel chair!"

Behind the Camera: Jane Russell usually gets what she wants and after seeing Richard Egan's super-sexy acting in "Wicked Woman," Jane got him for her leading man in "The Big Rainbow" . . . Burt Lancaster who does all his own trick riding in "Bronco Apache," has to wear a wide belt when he strips down to that handsome waistline. The scar from his recent operation still shows . . . Cute and practical is the surprise they pulled on Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis who co-star again in "Men of Iron." U-I built for them a complete housekeeping, dressing-room bungalow right on the set—with just "Mister and Missus" lettered on the front door and a "Welcome" mat in front of it.

Hollywood is Happy: That Arlene Dahl's hit in José Ferrer's stage production of "Cyrano," compensated for her TV flop-eroo. Yes, Fernando Lamas flew to New York and stood in the wings to watch his beautiful Dahl . . . That Rosemary Clooney's fine roles in "Red Garters" and "White Christmas" erased the memory of her wasted talents in "Here Come the Girls" . . . That Esther Williams reconsidered and will now execute several sensational swimming numbers in her next film, "Athena," instead of only one.

Lady in Waiting: With Stewart Granger in England filming "Beau Brummell," every day seemed like a year to Jean Simmons. Then she read in the papers that RKO boss-man Howard Hughes sold her three-picture contract to an independent producer. It was the last straw and in tears Jean called her husband. Stewart urged her to get the details before she upset herself too much. Jean did and discovered she liked the first script, "A Bullet Is Waiting," very much. She still misses her man just the same!

Naked Truth: The Gary Coopers who have been separated for many moons are now living under the same roof but still going their separate ways. While Coop's making a movie in Mexico and dating the local lovelies, a young Hollywood architect escorts Rocky Cooper to various parties. The Coopers' devotion to their beautiful teen-age daughter, Maria, might have something to do with this unusual living arrangement . . . Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger, married fourteen months and seemingly so happy, surprised Hollywood when they separated. Jane announces that a divorce will definitely follow . . . And it's ditto for Ida Lupino and Howard Duff!

Busy Beaver: Cal caught up with June Allyson in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Each hand was locked on to a junior member of the Powell family, who tugged in opposite directions. "Sorry I can't talk," she called out as the children dragged her off. "We're going to model at a fashion show and the kids can't wait to ham it up!"



"Red Garters," Rosemary's latest film, turned out to be a steal for Clooney

The Crazy Costs of Hollywood Divorce

(*Continued from page* 41)

the Third, one minute after his divorce from wife Number Two becomes final.

The high cost of leaving was far more than a matter of dollars and cents in the Wayne case. There was the dirty linen that was publicly aired. When it was all over John said that what hurt the most was that his four children had read the gory details. And how do you explain these things to your kids?

For Susan Hayward, too, the high cost of leaving Jess Barker is more than the bitter fight over the money she made and saved while Jess minded the twins. The toughest problem to face is the physical sharing of the boys, who are much closer to their father than to Susan, because he was with them more. The fierce fight over the community property, valued at between four and five hundred thousand dollars, is a battle over something tangible. You can call in a lawyer for that sort of tug-of-war. You can scream, "This is mine. I earned it, with my very own blood, sweat and tears." But there's no yardstick for measuring the love of your children. Or for the loneliness and bankruptcy of affection you can't help feeling when they spend time with the parent who no longer shares your heart and home. I know Jess wanted a reconciliation. And, despite the fury of their final blow-off, it might be less costly in many ways for Susan to forgive and forget.

There are three Hollywood lovelies whom I've always thought of as "The Tragic Trio" —Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner and Ava Gardner. No matter what their romantic status may be at the moment, there always seems to be an overtone of sadness about them. These girls lead with their hearts, and leave without their bank accounts.

That truism, "It's the woman who pays," seems to have been invented for Rita. She has paid through the nose for every marriage. Even when she marched to the altar with the son of the richest man in the world, Prince Aly Khan, it cost Rita money, to say nothing of humiliation. When Cinderella came back from the glory that was Aly, and the grandeur that spelt "Princess," she was flat broke and had to borrow from her agents. And while a Nevada court promised her a million dollars, she hasn't yet collected a dime—for herself, or for her daughter by Aly, Princess Yasmin.

And you don't have to be Sherlock Holmes to deduce where Dick Haymes found the $8,000 cash for his quick divorce from Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes. Or to figure who pays Nora the $100 a week she demanded before she would sign the precious paper that paved the way for the marriage of Rita and Dick at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas.

Poor Rita—in more ways than heartbreak! She got nothing when she divorced Orson Welles, except a feeling of relief. And when she shed her first husband, Ed Judson, I believe she had to fork over something like $10,000. He was her manager and he claimed, rightly, that he had changed her from a little dancer into a big star. I wonder, if she'd have been happier as Margarita Cansino. It must be a question Rita asks herself, when, in spite of fame, she looks at her depleted fortune.

Or take Lana Turner. When she left Bob Topping, he left her $90,000 worth of debts. Bob claims they were Lana's. It doesn't matter now whose they were. Lana was stuck with them. Bob was supposed to be a millionaire when they married. I'll never forget their wedding. Caviar flowed and champagne ran. The fancy hams had "I Love Lana" and "I Love Bob" written in gelatin. This marriage was "Forever." But it disintegrated like the gelatin. They lived high while it lasted—a penthouse on Park Avenue. A yacht. Came the dawn, the divorce and the accounting.

So Lana marries Lex Barker who has a lot of charm, but no money. And who cares —so long as they're in love and stay married—contentedly.

Though Ava Gardner's divorces have cost her a great deal—sometimes in money, sometimes in tears—for her, they *had* to happen. She emerged financially solvent from her marriage to Mickey Rooney, but she paid in loneliness and frustration.

Her marriage to Artie Shaw cost her her girlish naivete. She would divorce Frank Sinatra, she said before she left, when she returned from abroad. But after that reunion in Europe, whether or not these two split up finally and completely is anybody's guess. If they do, this much is sure: The profit and loss sheet of the two-year marriage leaves Ava financially in the red. But she would have one legacy from Frankieboy—more confidence in herself as a singer, as well as an actress. Frank coached her painstakingly for the songs she has sung in her pictures. And during their marriage, she emerged as a fine comedienne in "Mogambo" with Clark Gable. I don't know how to tie this in with Frank, except to say the obvious—when you're loved you can relax in your work. But the big pay-off for Ava, who doesn't enjoy fame, who can get by without money, is heartbreak and disillusionment.

It cost Jane Powell an apartment house and a huge packet of pride to break up her marriage to Geary Steffen. This "perfect" marriage, it turns out, was the phoniest of them all. Jane was being pathetically deceptive (to herself more than anyone else) when she smiled and smiled in public while she was miserable at home. Here's another truism: "No one can break up a happy marriage." And when Jane met Gene Nelson at Warners during the shooting of "Three Sailors and a Girl," her secret erupted under the warmth of his sympathy.

The guy just happened to be Gene. It could have been anyone. If it had been real love that broke up Jane's marriage, the romance with Gene would have lasted longer. So, when Miriam Nelson held out for a reasonable settlement for herself and their son, and Gene was unable to meet her demands, Janie, who not only suffered financially in her divorce from Geary, but also lost a huge amount of public approbation, decided to cut her losses. She erased Gene from her life. Frankly I was glad. Now, if Jane will give herself a chance to find real, lasting happiness, the high cost of leaving will by no means have been a total loss.

I was glad when Dean Martin kissed and made up with his Jeanne. For one thing, he just couldn't afford another divorce financially. With two children now and four by his first wife, the handsome half of the Martin and Lewis combo, not only pays for their care and feeding, but gives three thousand dollars a month in alimony to bride Number One. Thirty-six thousand a year! But much more important—his second marriage is too good to be tampered with. The emotional bills for Jeanne and Dean would have been much more serious than the financial, if they had made the mistake of separating.

This reminds me of George Raft who has been paying alimony for twenty-five years to a wife he hasn't seen since the big crash of his marriage. "I wouldn't mind paying," George once told me, "if I got some little return for my money. But this is like throwing thousands of dollars out the window." I guess it's the way Virginia Mayo felt when she agreed to pay Michael O'Shea's first wife some $25,000 as a settlement for back alimony. Mike assured me later, however, that he sold some property of his own to reimburse the doll he loves. And in both cases, the dollars paid for peace of mind.

Judy Garland was broke when she called it a day with Vincente Minnelli. But she was rich in friends—like Louis B. Mayer who paid the high hospital bills after her attempted suicide. And Bing Crosby who brought salvation when he told her, "You can sing on my show anytime—all the time." That's how she started on the comeback trail, singing with Mr. Crosby and his dearest enemy, Bob Hope, until she accumulated enough courage to try the big time on her own at the London Palladium. I'm keeping my fingers crossed for her marriage with Sid Luft. Whether you like him or not, he does keep Judy with her nose to the grindstone. And without work, she's a very lost lady.

I remember feeling a little bit envious when Evelyn Keyes eloped with John Huston, who in my book, is the most fascinating male spawned by Hollywood. And in *such* demand as a director. But I wasn't at all jealous when Evelyn's salary was suddenly attached for a picture she was making at Republic—to pay her share of Huston's unpaid income tax during the years they were married. That community property sword is double edged! Recognizing this, Olivia de Havilland made a hard-headed (and unromantic!) premarital agreement with Pierre Galante setting out what's hers and hers *alone!*

It would have been much cheaper for Errol Flynn to have stayed with his first spouse, the fiery Lilli Damita, than to let his emotions have such free play. Errol was so anxious to be a dashing bachelor again, he agreed to pay Lilli the $300,000 she demanded for his freedom. Plus $30,000 a year until she married again. But she hasn't remarried. I had dinner with Errol in New York shortly after that divorce, and he swore he would never take the leap again. Well Pat Wymore, wife Number Three, has money of her own—and no matter what happens, she isn't the type to harass a feller when he's down in the mouth financially. But Wife Number Two, Nora Haymes, is determined to collect for unpaid support of their two daughters. One day I'll have to ask Errol, "Was the high cost of loving worth it?"

Zsa Zsa Gabor was so proud of herself when she tossed Conrad Hilton's $36,000 a year alimony for life out of the window, to marry George Sanders for love. So what happens? George beats Zsa Zsa to the punch in the divorce court. "Mother was right," Zsa Zsa phoned to tell me. "She always said I was a fool to marry an actor. But Zseorge is the only man I ever loved." From now on, Zsa Zsa will listen to her basic—and baser—instinct.

You'd think the high price of disillusionment would stop couples from taking a chance on Love. But it never has, and it never will—thank goodness. THE END

Join... and SERVE!



Nancy du Pont Bruns

lovely young member of the well-known Wilmington family

She and her husband will celebrate their fourth wedding anniversary this spring. Like so many attractive young wives, Mrs. Bruns feels her best beauty insurance is Pond's Cold Cream. "I notice the difference it makes in my skin *immediately*," she says. "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses my skin really thoroughly—better than any other care I know."

"It's simply amazing how quickly your skin looks clearer, finer!" says Nancy du Pont Bruns

STAND CLOSE to some girl you know; take a good look at her skin. So often you'll find that her complexion is spoiled by large pores that even careful make-up can't hide. You'll wonder "Why doesn't she *do* something about her skin?"

Your own face gets this "third degree" many times during the day. Do people think the same about you?

What many girls don't realize is that most complexion faults are caused by nothing but *hidden dirt*. Look at your skin *carefully* after your usual clean-up. Do the pores still look dirty? Now, pass your fingers over your face. Are there little roughnesses? Then your face care isn't cleaning deeply enough.

Quickly—clear your skin

Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed to take care of the deeper dirt that ordinary and less effective cleansings skim over.

Its unique oil-and-moisture formula quickly softens and *floats out* hardened, embedded dirt that encourages large pores and blackheads. This is why each Pond's Cold Creaming leaves your skin *flawlessly* clean. And—you'll see—your skin looks finer, so much clearer.

Replenishes oils and moisture that keep skin looking smooth

Every day—outdoor exposure and dry stuffy indoor heat rob your skin of its natural oils and moisture. You must replenish these softeners every day, or your skin gets a coarse look . . . a dry, rough "feel." Each Pond's Cold Creaming supplies the oils and moisture your skin needs—keeps your skin appealingly smooth.

This way of using Pond's Cold Cream can transform your complexion!

1. *Every night*, circle fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream briskly up and out from throat to forehead. This Pond's circle-cleansing frees embedded dirt. It brings up fresh color. Tissue off this first creaming *well*.

2. Now—a snowy, beautifying "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. This time, tissue off *lightly*—leaving invisible traces of cream for softening your skin overnight, protecting it by day.

"Never, never have I had so many compliments!" say girls who have adopted Pond's Cold Creamings. Get Pond's Cold Cream today in the *large* jar . . . compared with the smaller jars, you average *a third more cream for your money!*

P

Mary's DULL



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Menstrual pain had Mary down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues".

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-124, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Mary's SHARP WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

"WHERE TO BUY" PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

ON PAGES 66 AND 67

Minx Modes Suit:
Brooklyn, N. Y.: Abraham & Straus

Ingber Bag:
Phoenix, Ariz.: Goldwater's

Jolene Shoes:
Cleveland, O.: Wm. Taylor Son & Co.

Dawnelle Gloves:
Newark, N. J.: Kresge's

Kadin Bag:
Newark, N. J.: L. Bamberger & Co.
Washington, D. C.: Woodward & Lothrop

Charm Belt:
Cincinnati, O.: John Shillito Co.

Rhythm Step Sandal:
Coral Gables, Fla.: Krell's

Duchess Royal Suit:
Cleveland, O.: Sterling-Lindner-Davis
Kansas City, Mo.: Harzfeld's

Flower Modes Carnations:
Dallas, Tex.: A. Harris & Co.

Naturalizer Shoes:
Philadelphia, Pa.: Lit Brothers

Wohl Shoes:
Columbus, O.: Morehouse Fashion Co.

Schaffer Belt:
New York, N. Y.: Saks 34th Street

Companion Bag:
Philadelphia, Pa.: John Wanamaker

Jana Bags:
Los Angeles, Cal.: Bullock's

Rhythm Step Casual Shoe:
Coral Gables, Fla.: Krell's
Washington, D. C.: Woodward & Lothrop

Henryson Umbrella:
Chicago, Ill.: Carson, Pirie Scott
New York, N. Y.: Bloomingdale Bros.

ON PAGES 68 AND 69

Jaunty Junior Topper:
Birmingham, Ala.: Kesslers
Hartford, Conn.: Sage, Allen & Co.
Portland, Ore.: Chas. Berg, Inc.

Charm Belt and Collar:
Cincinnati, O.: John Shillito Co.

Coro Jewelry:
New York. N. Y.: Stern Bros.

Marvella Jewelry:
Detroit, Mich.: J. L. Hudson Co.
New York, N. Y.: Bloomingdale Bros.

Ciner Compact:
Detroit, Mich.: J. L. Hudson Co.

Glentex Scarves:
Boston, Mass.: Filene's
Los Angeles, Cal.: The May Co.

Orloff Watch:
New Orleans, La.: D. H. Holmes Co.

Fleischer Furs:
New York, N. Y.: B. Altman & Co.

Flower Modes Violets:
Dallas, Tex.: A. Harris & Co.
New York, N. Y.: Bloomingdale Bros.

Ingber Bag:
Phoenix, Ariz.: Goldwater's

All Madcaps Hats:
Philadelphia, Pa.: Bonwit Teller's

All Wear-Right Gloves:
New York, N. Y.: Franklin Simon & Co.

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In color I want to see: **ACTOR:** **ACTRESS:**

(1) _____ (1) _____

(2) _____ (2) _____

I want to read stories about:

(1) _____ (3) _____

(2) _____ (4) _____

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are:

(1) _____ (4) _____

(2) _____ (5) _____

(3) _____ (6) _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ **AGE** _____

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Nice to Come Home to

(*Continued from page* 47)

Barbara and I had decided to go in for housekeeping in a large way. And the house we found was ideal for such a venture. Large. The two of us rattled around in it for seven days before I had to leave on a location trip. It was here that I left my bride—amid stacks of boxes, tons of tissue paper (all of which had to do with a multitude of wedding presents) and a good many possessions that I'd accumulated during my bachelor years.

I returned three months later to find order where there had been chaos. You've never seen such order. Everything was in its place. Even if Barbara hadn't been working days and coming home tired at night, this would have been a major project. "You're wonderful," I said, glancing around me.

"You might as well know—it's Mother who's so wonderful," said Barbara. "I was lost. But she came in and"

Mother Rush had promptly turned one of the bedrooms into a utility room. Therein were neat piles of ski equipment, camera equipment, and the rest of my worldly belongings which had no place in the living room, dining room, and hallways. She seemed slightly surprised the tenth time I thanked her.

"I felt a little funny sorting out your things," she told me. "And I didn't want to throw anything away. That's something you can do, if you like."

"You should have seen her when she found your old letters," Barbara grinned. "She wouldn't even straighten them. Just pushed them all together and put them in the closet."

Mother Rush always seemed to appear when we needed her . . . when we moved into a small apartment, when we moved into a larger apartment in Westwood, and, most importantly, when Chris was born. She and I sat in the hospital waiting room together. We didn't say a word. We thumbed through magazines. We didn't read a word. Every so often she'd smile reassuringly. And, to me, that meant more than a million words. When I got my first glimpse at the contents of the small blue bundle held by the nurse, I guess I was like any new father. Floored.

"It's a baby," said Mother Rush helpfully. "He's a lovely baby."

"Is he?" I kept babbling. "Is he really all right?"

With Chris' arrival, we found ourselves facing a serious problem—Barbara's career. Her work is of prime importance to both of us, for we believe that marriage and careers do mix—and well. And there was a contract waiting for her at Universal-International. At U-I when you're not making a picture, you're taking lessons—singing, dancing, and dramatics. We'd talked about it many times. "Of course, we can find some fine person to take care of the baby," Barbara said hopefully.

"A very capable person," I helped her hope.

"Can we find someone permanent?"

"Well, if she ever has to leave, we can get someone else"

"Hank, a succession of nurses might give the baby a terrible feeling of insecurity"

"Hmmm—and they'd all be strangers"

That's when Mother Rush and Barbara's sister, Ramona, moved into an apartment about a block away from our own. Since then, Mother Rush has been taking care of us all—full time.

Problems? We have our share. However, they never seem to conform to the joke-book pattern. Take the one about the



He won't—if you don't! And 10 seconds is all it takes to keep your hands soft and smooth and heavenly to hold! Yes, this pretty-pink, Lanolined lotion actually smooths rough skin, soothes dry, chapped skin quicker 'n you can say "Cashmere Bouquet!" 'Specially formulated to vanish instantly. . . leaving no sticky feel, no oily film . . . just the flower-fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet.

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NEW! For faster results, use new "invisible" Cuticura Medicated Liquid during the day, under your make-up.

mother-in-law who minds everyone's business except her own. Mother Rush goes straight to the other extreme—especially when it comes to telephone messages. Here's where we've had to ask her to be more inquisitive.

We'll come home and find a stack of names on the pad. "What did they want?" we ask her.

"I thought you'd know," is her reply. "I hate to question them when it seems to be none of my business."

A crisis? A couple of them. At one point, Mother Rush headed for the front door—and what loked like a final farewell. You see, I'm a great one for gadgets. I spot one and it's bought—no matter what it's meant to do. The trouble came one Thanksgiving, when I explained to Mother Rush that once she'd mashed the potatoes in the new mixer I'd brought home, she would never do it by hand. It was her first try. Result: Whipped potatoes on the kitchen walls.

In preparing the turkey, she tackled the special roasting device I'd discovered. She'd always used an oven, but I was enthusiastic and she was game. However, I neglected to mention that there was a trick to lifting the turkey out of the roaster. Result: one turkey on floor.

The dishwasher was the final straw. She was used to her own and didn't realize that ours took a special brand of soap. Result: a batch of flying soapsuds. With this, Mother Rush stalked out of the kitchen, "I have ruined the dishwasher," she announced. "It's gone. I'm gone. At least I'm going. You won't have to ask me to leave."

Result: one son-in-law jumping up to bolt the door. And a few basic demonstrations in the Hunter kitchen.

Everyone has his own ideas on bringing up children. However, we've taken quite a few lessons from Mother Rush's book, sometimes without even realizing it until much later. Barbara and I have collected a number of volumes concerning the care and raising of little ones. And we've tried to follow their advice. One important thing most of them tell you is never to say "No!" to a child. You're supposed to simply direct his interest to something else.

My mother-in-law silently went along with the theory. Then came the day Chris climbed up on the couch and reached for the knick-knack shelves. He was intent upon pulling them off the wall and his interest refused to be directed elsewhere. After a while, I resorted to saying "No." Several times. Then I spanked his hand. Chris got hysterical. He laughed so hard he nearly fell off the couch. But—with patience—Mother Rush convinced him that it was no laughing matter. Now he knows that "No" is a word that should be respected. Since then, we've been combining psychology with a bit of the good old-fashioned way of bringing up children.

Mother Rush vows that our child is a great conversationalist. She and he have long talks, and they seem to understand each other perfectly. Barbara and I have decided that they have a language all their own. We came home one night and found Mother Rush beaming. "Wait till you hear Chris," she said, proud as punch.

We looked at Chris. I guess we expected him to break into a recitation of the Declaration of Independence. Mother Rush's expression left little doubt in our minds. Chris looked at us. "Ca," he said.

"Ca?" said Barbara.

"Ca?" I repeated, hoping for a clue.

"Your son is saying 'Car,' of course," said Mother Rush icily. "*Anyone* would know that." And she still thinks so.

When it comes to raving about our son, Barbara and I stick to our guns. We've always vowed that we'd avoid going on for hours about how cute or clever he might be. But when other couples begin on their small fry, we can always manage to bring out a few dozen photographs. However, we can count on Mother Rush's knowing smile to check us when we go overboard.

Actually, she has no hard and fast rules about raising children—or about how we should conduct our lives. "It's your life," she'll say. "All young people have their ups and downs. But there are no such things as real mistakes—only experience. And that's how you learn to work things out for yourselves."

She knows very little about the movie industry. She's never tried to offer any advice regarding our careers. And we've taken our cue from Mother Rush as far as Chris' upbringing is concerned. "In a family, if the parents stand for the best there is, things will come out accordingly," she's told us. "If there's been a good family relationship, it will show up when the child is on his own. Give him a basic philosophy and teach him to use his own mind."

It's something to remember. Barbara and I are both from happy homes. That's why we believe we have a solid foundation for marriage. And now we have roots—a house of our own. It boasts three bedrooms and a den. And outside there's a large play area for Chris. Nearby, there's a small guest house, where Ramona and Mother Rush have set up housekeeping. Mother Rush thinks it's great for all of us. When she first saw it, she uttered some mighty thoughtful words. "I'm glad we're together, but it's necessary to be separated, too. I want you to feel you have your homelife to yourselves. And remember that!"

Life with mother-in-law goes on as usual. When Barbara and I are working, Mother Rush slips over at the crack of dawn to feed Chris and make the coffee. She takes care of him until we come home. She cleans the house, manages to see that our clothes are without wrinkles, and now takes telephone messages like a first-rate secretary. It's little wonder Barbara and I never laugh at the story of the husband who tells his wife, "If we ever argue, dear, I'll go home to Mother—your mother."

But I know that we'll both be going home to Mother Rush quite often. Together, of course!

(Jeff is in "Three Young Texans"; Barbara is in "Magnificent Obsession.")

EXCITING NEWS IN APRIL!

The names of the stars who have won Hollywood's oldest award

THE PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL

Be smart—be at your newsstand early for this big issue of the year. On sale March 10

Guy Madison's Marriage

(*Continued from page* 43)

at the time of her arrest. She had failed to pass two sobriety tests.

Gail unconsciously clenched and unclenched her hands as she listened, but she didn't weep. Her voice was low and steady when she voiced her plea: "Not guilty!"

Her attorney asked for a continuance of the case to January 18.

Minutes later, she walked out of the courtroom to face the bright lights and the prying questions. Her head was high. She knew that beyond—in the shadows—Guy Madison was waiting.

How different she was from the girl who, two mornings before, had been irrational and nearly hysterical, who had touched the ordinarily stony hearts of jail-beat photographers when she flinched in the glare of their flashbulbs and made a pathetic little witticism: "I haven't had my picture taken for some time."

Only a few years ago Gail Russell had been one of the brightest young stars in Hollywood. Remember "The Uninvited," "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," "The Angel and the Bad Man," "Salty O'-Rourke?" But lately her luck had failed.

Ironically (who knows how painfully for Gail?) Guy Madison's once "dead" career had, on the merits of his Wild Bill Hickok characterizations on radio and TV, zoomed to new heights. "The Charge at Feather River" is a smash success, and more big adventure films loom for him under terms of his new million-dollar contract with Warner Brothers.

For Gail, this sordid arrest was just one more grim chapter in a success story which had turned sour. And, as on the day her name was smeared across the front pages in connection with the John Wayne divorce case, Gail was alone when it happened.

Two mornings before, while Gail was being booked and fingerprinted, Guy Madison had been fast asleep in his bachelor apartment, unaware that his wife had been driving about the city streets alone, dazed and lost. She was literally lost, as she explained to the police officers, and she was spiritually lost, for the moment, in the whirlpool of her own intense emotions.

But today Guy was loyally at her side, and Gail could feel confident and safe.

There have been speculations, since Guy rushed to Gail's rescue in this latest heartbreak chapter in their lives, that the two would reconcile.

This is not likely.

Less than a week before the arrest incident, Guy had told PHOTOPLAY in an exclusive interview that there would be no reconciliation. But divorce, he said, was not an immediate possibility, because Gail was "recovering from a severe emotional disturbance," and "thinking things out."

It was apparent, as he spoke, that he would do no brutal slamming of doors. Perhaps, deep, deep in the recesses of his heart, there was a secretly buried hope—secret even from his conscious mind—that there was still a slim thread of hope for this battered marriage.

They had just returned together from Seattle where Guy had taken Gail in the hope that she would enter a renowned sanitarium where she could have intensive psycho-therapeutic treatment away from the tension-making Hollywood world.

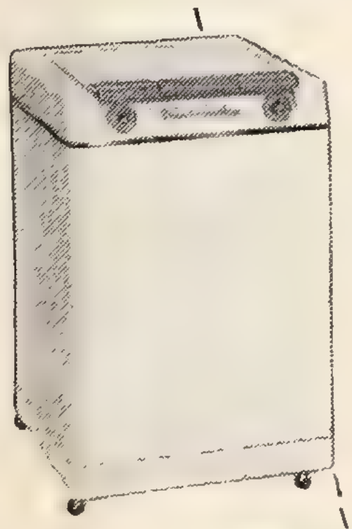
For Gail needed such help, and at long last had agreed to accept it. The story had been kept out of the columns and away from the gossip-mongers, thanks to the loyalty of Guy's and Gail's co-workers and close friends.

But the tragic "mystery problem" which is the core of the Madisons' marital trou-

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BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES

PIONEER OF WORKLESS WASHDAY

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, AVCO Manufacturing Corp., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

bles, and the reason Gail's once brilliant career had come to a dead stop, had been hinted at. This highly sensitive, beautiful and talented girl has, for years, been subject to recurrent depressions of such morbid intensity that she had become increasingly *unable* to work, unable to cope with any of the responsibilities of her life.

These periodic "blues," phases of dark, brooding melancholy in which she cuts herself off from friends and family, were characteristic of Gail long before she ever met and fell in love with Guy. Probably her deep-rooted unhappiness propelled her to him. He was happy, hopeful, as she never had been. She said, soon after they met, that talking with Guy was "like coming home to a warm house after you've been out in the rain." But in the same breath she confided that she loved to go for long walks in the rain, alone.

Gail's mother said frankly, soon after Gail was discovered in a Santa Monica art class and plunged practically overnight into film stardom, that her daughter was a lonely, shy little girl who "locked herself away in her room" for days at a time, refusing to talk even to her family.

Undoubtedly Guy, when he fell in love with Gail, was puzzled by her "moodiness." But he was confident, as he is confident about everything, that once they were married, Gail would forget all about her old loneliness and her fears and be a happy wife. "I thought I could make her happy . . . otherwise I would never have married her," Guy says. And Gail hoped so too. She had to hope. It was, she thought, her only chance. But marriage, new responsibilities of home-making, family planning, piled upon the already overwhelming strain of making four to five pictures a year, apparently, only hastened the spiralling pattern of self-defeat.

And Guy through all this? He was a man distraught, convinced that he had failed his sensitive wife, that somehow—in some terrifying way he couldn't understand—he had not fulfilled his part of the marital bargain.

Desperately, he urged Gail to seek psychiatric help. And her closest friends joined with him in his entreaties. At their insistence, she *had* consulted doctors from time to time, but never consistently enough to fortify herself against the pummeling she felt she was being dealt by life.

She had refused to part with her husband and her home for intensive treatment, begging Guy not to "put her away."

Until, that is, her name was dragged into the Wayne divorce case.

Gail recoiled from Chata Wayne's charges—that John had spent a night with Gail and bought her an automobile—first with anger, then, characteristically, with despair. Despite John Wayne's prompt defense of her reputation, Gail was crushed. She was alone at the time, except for the woman friend, a nurse, with whom she had lived since her separation. Guy was out of touch with the world, hunting in Idaho, not even aware that Gail was in trouble. She couldn't face it alone. She went into an emotional tailspin which landed her in a hospital, sick and exhausted.

When Guy returned, Gail told him, her eyes bleak, that she was ready to seek help. She could no longer deceive herself that she could handle her problems alone.

Elated for her, filled with hope that Gail might help herself, Guy arranged for her stay at the Pinel Sanitarium in Seattle and took her there himself.

But it didn't work. Gail couldn't go through with it.

It was bearable so long as Guy was with her, but Guy had to go back to Hollywood. Guy, like any husband, had to return to work. Radio recording dates, television shooting schedules, pre-production conferences for his next film all were waiting.

"Don't leave me," she begged him. "Take me home."

He brought her home.

"I couldn't force the issue," Guy said upon their return. "No treatment in the world does any good if you're fighting it. Gail has to make up her own mind."

So they were back in their separate homes in Hollywood, Gail "thinking things out" and Guy working with grim determination at his three-way career. "I work hard, and I play hard," he said, when he was asked how he kept going in the face of his and Gail's long-secret tragedy. And, he glowered, "I don't want anyone worrying about *me*."

Divorce plans were, for the time being, in abeyance. This issue, too, he made it clear, he would not force.

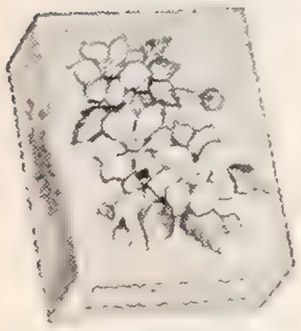
Ultimately, Guy indicated, he expected Gail to go to court to ask for her freedom, after she had had time to "face things, decide what she wants to do with her life." And, he added, "Gail can do anything she really *wants* to do."

Unless, he implied, what she wanted to do was to try again to patch up their broken marriage. That was over, he made it very clear. The inference was that if

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"MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

Don't miss—"DEVIL ON WHEELS"—*a story of thrill-seeking hot-rod teens in March* TRUE STORY, *at newsstands now.*

Gail did not sue for divorce after the "thinking things out" interval, then he would have no choice except to file suit himself. A property agreement had already been drawn up.

Their marriage was over. And not because there was any other man in Gail's life. Nor any other woman in Guy's. As Guy said: "Gail has always known that I am a one-woman man."

His freedom would be an empty prize, when he got it, empty perhaps, as this stalemate their marriage had become.

"I loved Gail," he said.

And Gail had loved Guy. Their early days together gave him, he has said, "the greatest emotional experience of my life."

"There were happy times at the beginning . . ." He added, and after a moment . . "and don't think I'm laying all the blame on Gail. I know I'm not the easiest man in the world to live with."

But the happy times grew farther and farther apart as the months went by. They separated for the first time six months after their July, 1949, marriage. Gail tersely told the press "we were unable to work things out." Guy, characteristically, was in the mountains on a hunting trip, unavailable for comment.

They reconciled after a bit, but from then on, it was obviously a case of two heartsore people struggling to make the best of a union which already had been strained to the breaking point.

In January of this last, bad-luck year for Gail, they separated again, this time with no apparent hope for another try.

Why?

On the surface, at least, these two had—in the beginning—more in common than many young couples who make a go of marriage, a better chance than average to weld their lives together into a solid and lasting partnership.

They were an unbelievably handsome pair. They had their jobs, more fascinating than most young couples', and more money by far than most young marrieds can lay their hands on.

They had made a conscious attempt, in the prolonged period of their courtship, to insure their future happiness by *learning* to like the same people, the same recreations. For Gail's sake, ranch-bred Guy, who had hated night clubs, learned to dance; Gail learned to shoot and ride.

They waited four years to marry, to be, as Guy says, "Dog-gone sure."

Why couldn't their love story have ended, as fairy-tale romances should, with "they lived happily ever after?"

The reasons become evident as you look at the almost identical experiences which life meted out to Guy and to Gail from the time they first appeared on the Hollywood scene, and at their dramatically different ways of reacting to them.

Guy, summoned to Hollywood after a talent agent had seen his rugged good-looking face on the cover of a Navy magazine, was incredulous, but pleased. Now he could save up the money for the ranch he wanted to buy after the war. When David O. Selznick, the first producer to see him, signed him to a long-term contract, and rushed him into a specially written part in "Since You Went Away," his only fear was that his Navy pals would laugh at him. Guy, without so much make-up as a pat of powder, played himself in the picture—fortunately, since he had had not a minute's training as an actor. Nevertheless, audiences responded to his first appearance as the gum-chewing, wise-cracking gob with an avalanche of letters asking to see more of him.

It was "fluky," as Guy admitted from the start. And he wasn't going to let it throw him. "A fellow tapped me on the

Can Excess Fat Ruin a Woman's Chance for Love?



The answer to the above question is naturally a great big—*yes!* Single women—and married women—all know that ugly fat chases love right into the arms of *the other woman.*

But do not despair—if you are too fat, or want to rid yourself of overly large hips, heavy thighs, legs or ankles, Daniel C. Munro, M.D. of Utica, N. Y., has good news for you! In his new book, just published, he reveals how to reduce weight *only at the expense of deposited fats and water*—not at the expense of vital tissues.

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A tragic figure in court, Gail told the news photographer who took this shot, "I haven't had my picture taken for some time"

shoulder, and I was in the movies," he said then, "and it's quite possible that another fellow will tap me on the shoulder, and I'll be out." It didn't really matter. He had never had any trouble finding a job since he was sixteen and needed money for college tuition. He didn't expect to have any trouble now.

And Gail?

She balked at going to Paramount at all when word came that Talent Scout Bill Meiklejohn wanted her for a screen test. "Mother," she said then, "practically dragged me."

In her first picture, in which, despite her apprehension, she gave a good performance, she was "paralyzed with fright." After her third, in which she was starred for the first time, she had a complete nervous breakdown.

She had worked too hard, and fought too hard—fought everybody, including her reluctant self.

Guy Madison, at the outset, was really no great shakes as an actor. His inexperience was especially evident in his first post-war picture, "Till the End of Time," in which he was co-starred with and cruelly overshadowed by Dorothy McGuire. Nobody admitted his shortcomings more candidly than Guy himself, and he did something about it: signed up with a good coach to learn something about this business he had stumbled into by accident.

Gail, on the other hand, always had the spark, the "artistic touch," as Guy himself said. "She has more talent in her little finger," he put it, "than I'll ever have."

But so much of her energy went into the frenzied effort to do a good job, and then into even more frenzied worry because she hadn't done better, that she was increasingly *unable* to work, turned down by producers who couldn't risk the production delays that her emotional instability threatened.

Guy's career hit the skids before Gail's. The war was over and more experienced leading men were coming back to the films in droves. Also, Selznick, who held Guy's contract, was temporarily out of production. Guy couldn't have been less worried. He still got his nice pay-check every week, while his contract lasted, and he had all the time he wanted for once to hunt and fish and shoot, to *live.*

Gail, who had been "paralyzed with fear" at the very prospect of a movie career was now even more paralyzed at the prospect of losing it. When Guy, after a couple of lean years in which jobs were very scarce for them both, made his firs really substantial hit as Wild Bill Hicko in 1951, it only intensified her own sense c failure.

She wanted to rejoice for Guy, and sh tried. But what was observable on th rare occasions when they appeared pub licly together, was a more and mor anguished despair for herself. She felt un comfortable with Guy's outdoorsy friend and his new business associates; she fe miserable and unwanted in what sh thought of as the role of tag-along wif

It was tragic but it was true. Guy's ne eminence, which made it possible, finan cially, for Gail to put worry about caree behind her once and for all, to sta thinking again about the "round doze kids" Guy had always said he wante actually was the final reef upon whic their precarious marriage shattered.

Guy Madison had struggled long an silently to save his marriage, tried ever tactic he could think of including "tem porary" separation from Gail, but i couldn't be saved. Guy's simple, straight forward way of dealing with life and it problem is out of reach for a girl as un happy and insecure as Gail.

Unless, of course, she helps herself t the help available to her.

The trip to Seattle was a failure, an Guy, as he said, couldn't force the issue

But life itself, perhaps, will.

Whatever the judge decides in this cas which a frightened Gail Russell is facin up to, it is probable that she will realiz finally that the *only* alternative to a pro cession of even grimmer misadventures lie within herself.

Emotional disturbance, of course, eve more than alcohol, can be held responsibl for Gail's erratic behavior on the night o her arrest. But if she *had* sought relief i drinking—as many unhappy people do, i Keokuk or Oakaloosa no less than i Hollywood—this new ordeal of trial b jury may force her at last to face he problems squarely.

Her fans, as well as her many loya friends, will hope so. For Gail is too gifte a girl, and too good a person—as Gu says, "Her basic qualities are as fine an as sound as anyone's I've ever met"—to b wrecked in the storm of her own turbu lent emotions.

And as Guy says (and he says it wit love and admiration and deep respect fo the girl who is still his wife), "It's up t Gail now."

THE EN

Terry and Her Gang

(*Continued from page* 58)

As for me, I love it. And it's given me a couple of interesting hobbies of my own: Keeping up Terry's scrapbooks and taking pictures of her and her gang. One of the shots I'm proudest of is that one on page 59 of Terry, Bob Wagner and the red apple.

At our house anything can happen—and almost always does. The other morning Terry rushed in breathless, as usual, to slip out of her dancing-class costume and into sports dress for a golf date with Bob Wagner. At the door, she tossed back the intelligence that Susan Zanuck could make the most divine chop suey. So, instead of the barbecue they'd planned for that night, the gang was going to prepare a Chinese dinner on the patio. That's my Terry. She doesn't enjoy cooking (though she can do it) and so she'd organized a party in which the guests would do the cooking. Luckily we have a large, completely furnished patio with an electric barbecue and roaster.

Later, I went out to see if they needed anything. My daughter, as usual, was talking a blue streak. Terry, a great little manager, was doing the organizing; young Steve Rowland was setting the table. Lori Nelson and Merry Anders were mixing a weird assortment of ingredients—vinegar, pineapple and molasses—to make a basting sauce for the ribs; Johnnie Ray was accompanying himself on the record player. Nicky Hilton informed Steve that the forks and knives were placed all wrong.

Bob Wagner, resisting Terry's invitation to baste the ribs, said firmly, "Sorry, goody! Just remembered a fascinating dentist appointment." Just then chief-cook Susan Zanuck recruited him to taste the chop suey. He made a wry face and he accepted the steaming spoon.

"Did you follow the recipe?" he asked, his face contorted as he gulped down the sample. "Sure," said Susan. "Was it in the original Chinese?" he kidded.

But, just the same, it must have been good. Because later the pot was empty and, again under Terry's direction, they were washing dishes and clearing up.

"Now popcorn for dessert," Terry called.

"You can't have popcorn with a Chinese dinner," Bob scoffed, then switching into a veddy, veddy correct British accent, "Why it's as shockingly bad taste as not dressing for dinner on safari—unforgivable, quite, y'know. The dinner we've just *enjoyed*—and I use the word advisedly—calls for almond cakes and preserved kumquats and fortune cakes."

"We've got those, too, Buster," Terry assured him, matter-of-factly, "but who can live without popcorn?"

Terry already had the electric corn-popper going. Popcorn is a passion with her and her gang—has been for years. Sometimes I think the bowl must have an invisible hole in it since the contents vanish as if spirited away by a magician. But I'm always delighted to keep bringing in more and more refills.

Always our house has been a center of activity. A wedding announcement or the news that a friend—in pictures, or not—is expecting a baby inevitably calls for an appropriate celebration. "Come on over tonight," Terry will say and soon the walls rock, and the patio floor jumps and the spinet piano shakes. We have two telephones with two different numbers—we need them both—and it's a sight to see Terry run back and forth holding two simultaneous conversations.

I remember one time when Terry and I were washing the dinner dishes and I began to reminisce about taffy-pulls in my Idaho small-town youth.

"That's a wonderful idea," Terry said quickly. "When the kids come over tonight we'll have a taffy-pull." Later the whole crowd, fingers dusted with flour, took over my kitchen. But it wasn't the light tan taffy of my youth. For Terry decided they'd have theirs in Technicolor. She added food coloring and was enthusiastic over the poisonous looking blue and green and red results. And then the creativeness of actors came to the fore. Some made guns and lariats of the taffy and became badmen in Westerns; others fashioned handlebar moustaches and formed a quartet, singing, "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," and Jerome Courtland groaned and grunted while he lifted his rope of taffy high over his head, pretending he was Atlas, the strong man. I never cease being amazed—and amused—at the ease with which they do wonderful and hilarious imitations.

Some months ago we decided to move from Glendale. When the agent showed us our present house in Westwood, near the studio and UCLA (where Terry takes night courses), Dad and I were interested in its utilitarian features and price. But Terry, who loves cheerful surroundings, looked at the colorful walls, the unbelievable number of closets, the large patio, versatile den, huge living room and said, "This is it! Wonderful for parties." And when the agent pointed out that music from a special system was piped to each room and the patio, Terry was overjoyed. She's always loved music—in fact, the moment she enters the house, on goes the record player.

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ing," burbled Terry happily. "Now I won't have to carry my record player around with me from room to room. The only thing lacking is a swimming pool." But Dad and I drew the line there. It probably won't be long before Terry will marry and move to her own home, and our son, Wally, now a junior at Brigham Young University, will do the same. Then what will Dad and I do with a swimming pool?

So Terry and her crowd—almost all sports enthusiasts—do their swimming elsewhere. But the equipment for all her other sports activities is stored in every nook and cranny in the house. That includes golf clubs, tennis rackets, riding clothes, skiing equipment, surf board, goggles for underwater swimming, bowling shoes, badminton birds, ping-pong paddles—and I don't know what else. "Mom, where are my ski socks?" or "What happened to my bowling shoes?" are frequent questions. The only thing I don't have to worry about stumbling over is equipment for flying.

But I do worry about Terry's piloting a plane, although I'm the only member of the family who's gone up with Terry at the controls. She thinks nothing of flying to Palm Springs for brunch and coming right back for a tennis date; flying to Tiajuana for the bullfights or down to La Jolla to see a friend rehearse a play. I sort of wish she'd give up flying for solitaire or something safer. But it's hardly likely.

When Terry was only four years old, she'd already given me the scare of my life. I'd taken her to a doctor for a whooping-cough shot, turned to talk to the nurse and when I looked around, Terry was outside the window teetering on a ledge six stories above the pavement. "Wait," whispered the nurse. "Don't scare her." She tiptoed to the window and asked softly, "Honey, is there something interesting in the sky?" Terry peered up and my heart skipped a beat. Just then the nurse grabbed her. And that was only the beginning. The remarkable thing is that this madcap fireball who next tried to follow an attendant into a bear's cage in Griffith Park Zoo, ever grew up in one piece at all.

Terry doesn't just dabble at sports—she goes at them with all-out championship gusto. That's why she learned tennis from Dick Seixas and Greg Bautzer; skiing from Jerome Courtland and golf from pro Al Besselink. Sunday afternoons Bob Wagner, other golf enthusiast friends and Terry meet in Griffith Park for their Pitch-and-Putt Club. Terry usually keeps some clubs in her car, so when she passes a driving range and has thirty minutes to spare she can stop off for practice.

She's unusually co-operative by nature and will say "yes" to any studio demand on her free time or to her friends, when she thinks her presence at a function will be helpful. The other night, after a completely filled day she skipped dinner and drove with a group of young friends clear to Taft, a two-and-a-half-hour drive, to see Tab Hunter open in a new play. And she'll give up anything to go off on a really important trip like the one to Korea last Christmas.

Sometimes I ask her, "How can you make so many dates in a day? You'd have to be quintuplets to find time for everything you plan today?" "Mother, I'm never tired, really," she explains. "You get tired only when you're bored and I'm never bored. What really relaxes me is excitement and hard work. I'll always have to be doing something and I'm never going to retire. I'll be like Sophie Tucker."

Though she keeps to a full schedule between films, she rarely goes out week nights when she's making a picture—only when the studio asks her to attend a premiere, and then she comes home early. And though she dresses in a twinkle, she's never slapdash like some busy girls, but always neat, clean and well-turned out. Cleanliness is a fetish with her. I remember when she was in school, she came home one day to announce that she had a terrific crush on one of the boys.

"What's so super about him?" asked Wally, disdainfully.

"He wears the cleanest blue jeans of any boy at school," answered Terry.

Always she's been complimented for her taste in clothes. And she adores them. Nor has she outgrown the desire to put on a new dress the minute I've finished making it. Busy as she is, she always keeps her clothes in perfect order. Her dresser drawers are a model of tidiness. That is a trait she didn't inherit from her mother.

But she did inherit thriftiness and a love of clothes. Terry was reared as a Mormon and gives ten per cent of her earnings to the church as her tithe. She's a faithful attendant at Mormon church services and because of her deep religious beliefs she doesn't smoke, drink coffee, tea or any stimulating liquors. Nor has this abstinence lessened her popularity with boys.

In fact, the sheer number of her beaux created quite a problem during her teen years. It's a phase other mothers know about. Every week there was a new boy. She'd introduce him to me, saying afterwards, "Mama, isn't he positively the end—the most attractive man you've ever seen?" Serenely I'd answer, "Yes, indeed—this week, that is." But that's all in the past.

Now her indecisiveness concerns cars. Terry drives an old Chevvy; has been talking about buying a new car. One day it's to be a Packard convertible, next day she's all set on a Ford, then she hears of a wonderful deal on a Cadillac. Just as she was about ready to settle on that, Bob Wagner told her the Austin-Healey, an English sports car is, in his words—"the most." Now she's all perplexed, and still drives the Chevvy.

Terry had changed little throughout the years—still is friendly with Glendale High School pals, but she dates more boys in the profession than she did formerly. As she puts it, "When I go to a premiere with a boy who isn't in pictures, he squirms and rushes me out when photographers come around, saying, 'Let's duck this.' But when I go out with someone like Bob Wagner or Rock Hudson or Hugh O'Brian, he understands that being photographed and giving autographs is part of our work."

Terry's friends seem to me to be a wonderful group of young people—intelligent, natural, alert, outgoing, thoughtful of others. I remember one night when Terry was working late and I sat up sewing on a new formal for her. When I heard her drive up, I opened the door. Bob Wagner, in his own car, was following her home just to see that she arrived safely. He waved, gave her a warm smile and left. And his apartment is in the opposite direction.

Terry has always had the ability to make good friends. Before they married—Elizabeth Taylor, Ann Blyth, Jane Powell, Jane Withers, Wanda Hendrix, Diana Lynn—were part of Terry's group, as were such young actors as Darryl Hickman, Dick Long, Lon McCallister, Jerome Courtland, Craig Hill and Roddy McDowall. More recently, Debbie Reynolds, Susan Zanuck, Merry Anders, Donald O'Connor, Hugh O'Brian, Jay Robinson, Bob Wagner, Tab Hunter, Steve Rowland, Rock Hudson have joined the group. Music there always is, with Eddie Samuels at the piano and, when they are in town—Johnny Ray, Vic Damone, Al Martino, or Champ Butler—to enchant the gang with their voices. And afterwards, Terry leads the way to the kitchen to whip up scrambled eggs.

All in all, it's a great life. And neither Terry's Dad nor I show any signs of weakening!

THE END

I Wouldn't Want Him Tamed

(*Continued from page* 64)

played only thugs—real tough characters."

Many people picture Richard as an unpredictable Huck Finn with a suave Oxford accent. I admit Rich is probably the worst-dressed man in pictures. But my husband, who has been called the poor man's Laurence Olivier and the British Marlon Brando, is quite unlike other non-conformists. Off-stage, at home or at a party, he has the unreined playfulness of a colt.

Rich delights in shocking stodgy people, yet no one can ever get angry with him. I remember what Emlyn Williams, his good friend and discoverer, once said of him. "Burton," declared Williams, "shouldn't be allowed near a columnist. That voice of his constantly bristles with indiscretions." But even his enemies agree that he is a character, with "charm enough," a friendly enemy once said, "to set the Mona Lisa giggling."

When we first came to Hollywood, we had no place of our own, so we moved in with our good friends, the Stewart Grangers. (When Rich moves, he merely borrows a razor and packs a toothbrush.) Since Rich had no car, and had no intention of buying one then, Jean Simmons lent him her racy Jaguar roadster. Occasionally people would ask him what poor Jean was doing while he drove around in her car. "Oh," he'd chuckle, "she just takes cabs."

That, of course, is just Richard's way of expressing the Welsh impishness that bubbles constantly inside him. Yet I have never known a less conceited or a less demanding man. One day, before the actual start of "The Robe," Rich was doing wardrobe tests when he got something in his eye. Instead of making a fuss, or insisting that he be driven immediately to a doctor, he quietly left the stage, walked a half mile across the lot to the studio hospital, had the eye treated and walked a half mile back again. Another time, during the shooting of the picture, he and I had lunched at the studio. We finished early, so we decided to get a little of the wonderful California sun before Rich went back to the set. We sat down on the curb in front of Rich's dressing room and basked in the balmy air—I in a summer dress and Rich in rumpled slacks and a T-shirt. A studio executive, aghast at the sight, hinted that this wasn't quite the thing for a big actor to do.

"Oh, but we always sit on the curb in London," said Richard. "Why shouldn't I do it here?"

No, my husband is not exactly the stuffy Britisher type. "When you come from the depths as I have," Richard has often said, (his father and brothers were all coal miners), "you just can't get any lower."

Rich is forever being asked whether he prefers London, New York or Hollywood. His stock answer is, "That's like asking a man whether he prefers blondes, brunettes or redheads. I can only say I love them all in different ways."

Our real home is London, where we own a tiny four-flat building. (We live in one flat and rent out the others.) Yet Richard finds Hollywood enchanting. You'll hear no sneers from him about the town. As Rich says, "Where else but in Hollywood can you chat with Judy Garland, hear Ethel Merman sing, listen while Cole Porter sits down at a piano and plays his own songs, or meet Greta Garbo? There's nothing like that where I came from."

I still remember a Hollywood party we once went to where Rich noticed an exquisite, fascinating-looking woman sitting in a corner surrounded by admirers. Rich, who is enchanted by people with interesting faces, simply couldn't keep his eyes away from her. Finally, he turned to me and whispered, sotto-voice, "Who is that woman, anyway?"

"You fool," I hissed back, "that's Greta Garbo."

I thought, for a moment, Richard would drop through the floor. All his life, Miss Garbo has been one of his idols; she is, literally, one of the few people in the world he would have gone out of his way to meet. And there she was, in the flesh, before him. So do you know what my completely unpredictable husband did? He calmly walked over and pinched Garbo's knee!

But he was quite charming about it. "You see," he explained to her, "I simply had to do that! Now I can write my sister in Wales and tell her I pinched the knee of the Great Garbo!"

Garbo actually loved it. A gracious and human woman, she was completely beguiled by Richard's brashness.

I won't forget, either, how Richard startled the Humphrey Bogarts on our first visit to their magnificent home. We had met Bogey and Lauren Bacall in London several years ago, when they came backstage while Richard was appearing at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. "Katie told us to look you up," said the Bogarts. "Katie?" echoed Rich, puzzled. "Of course," said Bogey, "Katie Hepburn."

"But I don't know Miss Hepburn," Rich said honestly.

Despite the comedy of who knew whom, the four of us took to each other instantly, and it was Lauren Bacall who, even then, began boosting Richard to producer-writer

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Nunnally Johnson, urging him to bring him over from London for the part of *Philip Ashley* in "My Cousin Rachel." When we arrived in Hollywood and were invited to the Bogarts', the first thing the untamable Burton did was to "skate" across the huge marble floor in the Bogarts' loggia, like a boy sliding on ice.

Actually, Rich adores parties, though he moans and groans at a great rate when he learns we're going to one. But that, I think, is because he hates to get dressed up. "No matter what I wear," he says, "I always look like an unmade bed." Once he arrives at a party, it's almost impossible to get him to leave. He knows some 600 Welsh songs and can recall at least a thousand others, if pushed; and when his spirits are high, he'll sing them all.

Though Rich is a marvelous companion and the easiest person in the world to live with, occasionally, like most Welshmen, he becomes distant and withdrawn—but only for an hour or two. When he gets that way, I just leave him completely alone for a while. When I come back, he says, "Sorry I was moody," and that's that.

Only rarely have I seen him really livid with anger. And when that happens, it's almost always because of some lack in himself. In his work Rich is a complete perfectionist; he almost never fluffs a line. But one day, during a scene for "The Robe," he kept getting words tangled and he got so furious with himself that he literally pounded his head against a wall.

I want my husband to remain just as he is, unchanged, with all his quirks, his verbal indiscretions, his rare moodiness and irresistible impudence. And I no doubt feel that way because he has always held that his most prized possession is his wife. Yet the day we were married, I was all but convinced that Rich would never find a mere wife as fascinating as the game of Rugby, the British version of football.

Both of us were born in South Wales—I in Tylerstown, Rhondda Valley, and Richard in the tiny mining village of Pontrhydyfen (pronounced "Pontradeven"). Richard's real name is Jenkins, and he is the youngest of thirteen children. His father and six brothers were coal miners, but all worked themselves into better jobs in later life. Rich is not ashamed to admit that he and his family lived in the slums.

Fortunately for Richard, a great and wonderful man named Philip Burton, a high-school teacher whose name Rich adopted when he turned professional actor, became interested in the crude, chubby little Jenkins kid. It was Mr. Burton, whom Richard still calls "my second father," who taught the young miner's son how to speak English without a Welsh accent, interested him in dramatics, promoted his scholarship to Oxford and even paid for Rich's clothes during his year at the University.

As Richard says, his stage career began all too easily, because, though he was only sixteen when he won the scholarship, he couldn't actually enter Oxford, under the school's rules, until he was a year older. Meanwhile, Emlyn Williams, another Welshman and the famed author of "The Corn Is Green," was advertising in Welsh newspapers for someone who could speak Welsh and looked twenty-two. Richard could speak Welsh, and, with typical brashness, believed he could look twenty-two. So he read for Williams, landed the role in "The Druid's Rest," which ran for seven months at St. Martin's Theatre in London, and then toured on the road for three months more. After his year at Oxford, Richard enlisted in the Royal Air Force, was sent to Canada to train as a navigator, then landed in New York at war's end with eighty cents in his pockets. He and a friend, David Evans, sang Welsh songs for their suppers, slept on the steps of a post office and in the subways. But before long, Rich made his way back to London and almost immediate stardom.

Oddly enough, it was through an Emlyn Williams' picture that Rich and I ultimately met. I had heard that Williams was casting a Welsh film called "The Last Days of Dolwyn," so I went to him and managed to land a tiny role with no more than two or three lines. As it happened, Rich was playing the juvenile, with a fat, important part. Early in rehearsals, he began teasing me—I was just eighteen—because I had gone to dramatic school. A week later we were going out together, and then after a few weeks more, it was settled that we were to be married.

But actually, we weren't married until five months later—and this is where that memorable Rugby game comes in. For the record, I doubt that there is in this world so rabid or violent a fan as a Welshman who loves the national game of Rugby.

As it happened, the day we were married—it was February 5, 1949—Wales was playing Scotland for the championship. So fierce was the rivalry that at least 40,000,000 Britons were glued to their radios waiting for the results of that game.

Rich and I were married at 8:45 in the morning, and immediately after the wedding breakfast at a friend's flat, we separated—I to do a matinee of "Harvey," in which I was then appearing, while Richard who was rehearsing in "The Lady's Not for Burning," stayed on at the flat with one of his brothers to listen to the play-by-play account of that Rugby match. No escorting of the blushing bride to the stage-door by her loving groom!

When I returned to the flat, I found Rich's brother dissolved in tears and my brand-new husband moaning with grief. Finally, Rich lifted his face from his hands, glared at me and snapped: "Well, woman, what do you want?"

Wales, you see, had lost to Scotland.

On the positive side, this husband of mine has a fantastic memory; he can repeat lines from any play he's ever done. Yet he can't recall his phone number, his birth date or the titles of his plays. Or so he says. Recently he confided to a reporter that authoress Daphne du Maurier wanted him to star in the film version of her best seller, "The King's Funeral." Reminded that the name of the book is "The King's General," Rich said, "Well, I believe the man dies in the end, anyway."

Under no circumstances will Rich read reviews of his performances. "If they're bad," he says, "they upset me, and if they're good, they're not good enough." And he never goes to see his own pictures; he did once, and the sight of himself on the screen gave him the creeps. Rich's father, now well over eighty, has never seen him in a film, either. "That's because," Rich says devilishly, "there are so many pubs, or bars, on the way to the cinema."

It could be of course, that Richard, as some phrenologist said of the late Bernard Shaw, has a hole where his bump of reverence should be. When some one asked him whether he decided he wanted the eagerly sought for *Marcellus* role in "The Robe" after he read the novel or after he read the script, Rich replied with a glitter in his eye, "Neither. I wanted it because every actor I knew coveted the part."

No, I don't think Hollywood or anything or anyone will ever change Richard, squeeze him into a mold or bottle his bubbling spirts. I know I wouldn't want him tamed, not ever! He's wonderful and exciting and enormous fun, just as he is—even if he does love Rugby almost as much as he does his wife! THE END

Look at Me Now!

(*Continued from page 38*)

to tell my troubles to ten other people? Or just let my thoughts smolder away inside me? I was disappointed and I wanted them to know it. I told them so in no uncertain terms. But there was respect in my mind as well as in my voice—and they knew that, too.

If I feel that I'm justified, I sound right off. But these days, I try to think before I begin making sounds. There was a time, however, when I was pretty young and didn't understand that tact was more than a word in the dictionary.

When I first got into movies, people used to flip at the way I talked to producers and directors. Apparently, newcomers are expected to be all ears and few words. I'd just walk in and start yakking away a mile a minute. Up until the time I won a contract, I'd been strictly a movie-star fan. Producers and directors? They were merely the screen credits that held up the start of the show.

Because I didn't know how great these people are, I just didn't realize that I was supposed to be scared. I'm glad now. Otherwise, it might have taken me much longer to learn that they are kind and understanding gentlemen.

I can't honestly say that I was ever a subdued and shrinking violet, even when I was just a kid. I remember once in junior high school when campaign speeches were the order of the day. I'd been elected to speak for a friend who was a candidate for the presidency of the class. I sat very quietly while our worthy opponents had their say. "Faculty members, classmates, friends. . . ." they'd begin, stating their platforms with dignity. Then came my turn.

I had a secret weapon. A cowbell! When I got up, I rang it to the rafters. After that, I launched into my little talk. "Wardens, fellow inmates, members of our jail . . . if we work hard enough we might get out of here. But right now, what we need is a leader for this cell block."

The kids loved it. The faculty? Well, a short time later I was facing the principal. "Mary Frances," she said sternly. (For that's my real name.) "We all like to see you enter into the school activities. However, don't you think you might confine your speeches to traditional types?"

Thereafter, she suggested, it would be an excellent idea if I handed in copies of speeches I intended to make. Just to be on the safe and sane side. So I'd hand them in. They were fine speeches. But strictly paperwork. I'm a little ashamed to remember that I seldom made them. Something else always seemed to pop into my mind.

"That crazy Franny," they used to say at school. "She's got enough nerve for ten people!" And most of the time, that was a kind of a compliment. I was simply considered the local character. Every institution of learning has one. I was the girl who'd go to the football and baseball games and note with grave concern that the spectators on our side were wasting their lung power on plain, ordinary conversation. So I'd dash down front, rally the cheerleaders and give the folks in the grandstand a long, loud pep talk about cheering the team.

When the fellows played baseball during school hours, the coach would get me out of my sixth period class so I could be there lending vocal and moral support. "That Reynolds," they'd say. "She has a ball."

Everyone has his or her own idea of a good time. And now that I look back on it, I'm afraid some of mine were pretty whacky. I was one of the ringleaders of a group that used to break the monotony of downtown traffic in Burbank. We'd stroll

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down the street until we found a likely corner, then we'd stop and stare skyward. We'd talk and point. Sometimes we'd have to stand there an hour before a crowd gathered. But we thought the result delightful . . . everyone straining their necks to see what's with the clouds.

That wasn't too bad, I guess. But we had another gag that I can see now wasn't very funny. I'd pretend that my knee had suddenly given way and collapse on the nearest curb, madly moaning in agony. "Anything we can do?" the nice folks would rush up and ask.

"Maybe we'd better call a doctor," one of my chums would mutter.

Came the time when our act was too realistic. First thing we knew, there was the wail of a siren and an ambulance speeding toward us. Someone actually had called a doctor. You've never seen an invalid and her friends run so fast.

Almost everybody goes through that kind of hectic stage, I guess. It's one of the weirder sides of growing up. And—for an adolescent—it probably isn't anything to be ashamed of. But I can't see that it's much to be proud of, either. For myself, I'm mighty relieved that I've put that all behind me and can have a good time now without knocking myself out.

There's a theory that "life of the party" behavior of that kind is just a cover-up for deep, inside shyness. Now shyness is something that never plagued me in my school days. But lately I've discovered—well, we'll get to that in a little while.

Anyway, even though I was so rough-and-tumble myself, I did understand what tortures my shy friends went through. It had a terrible grip on one of my closest friends—and my antics embarrassed her no end. "Fran, they're looking at you," she'd whisper.

"Who cares? I'm having fun. Relax," I'd tell her.

She never entered into the fun. It took us nearly a year to bring her out of her shell—to make her feel at ease, to speak up and express herself. "Now, look," we'd tell her. "You have as much to contribute to a conversation as anyone else. So get with it, girl!"

We made certain that she was included in all of our activities and we encouraged her to take part in others. By the time we got to high school, she was really in the swing and being elected to class offices. Once she told me that she'd always wanted to be the way I was. But at times, I thought it might be better if I were more like her. She'd reached a happy medium.

They're strange, these growing pains. And shyness is one of the most painful. In school, many kids simply don't stop to think about trying to diagnose the shyness of a classmate. I remember the time a new girl came to one of our classes. At first, everyone pegged her as the snobbish type . . . the girl with the prim kill-joy attitude who preferred a book to the company of the "peasant." Someone got around to having a long talk with her one day and discovered that she would have gladly exchanged her best library card for the nerve to go whooping it up with the rest of the gang. And once we learned that, she was in.

I felt sorry for that girl at the time, but it was years later before I really understood what tortures she'd gone through. And the realization came to me in a studio rehearsal hall, not once—but a dozen times. I would be practicing a new dance routine, doing just fine, until someone would happen to walk in and start to watch. Then my feet would freeze. And when I'd get them thawed out again, all I'd ever want to do was start to shuffle—right out of the hall and out of sight.

Eventually, I got around to talking it over with choreographer Bob Sidney. And he almost knocked me off my pins by diagnosing it as shyness. Shy! Me of all people.

But as he explained it, I knew that he was right. "You're overly conscientious about this thing," he grinned. "You think you should do the routine perfectly—right from the start. And you don't want anyone watching you until it is perfect."

So that was that. And once he'd set me straight, I knew that dancing was by no means the only thing I was shy about. There had been a lot of other incidents—none of which I'm the least bit ashamed of. They're a sign of maturity—and sensitivity.

As I've said, I had never taken much notice of producers and directors, but I was awfully star-conscious. Then came the day when I began to meet the stars I'd admired from afar. There they were—so much greater than I could ever hope to be. Tongue-tied? You bet I was.

I'll never forget the time I was introduced to Clark Gable. I knew I should be saying something. But for awhile—it seemed like a million years—I couldn't seem to locate the first word. His wonderful friendly manner finally brought back my voice. Pretty soon, I was at ease again . . . and very thankful for it! It's a fine occasion when you come to realize that even people who tend to leave you awestruck are actually human.

It's been kind of fun to stand off and watch myself change in all these little ways. And I've been aware of a very interesting thing: My appearance has been gradually changing too. My hair used to

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be as fly-away as my temper. Now I'm managing to keep it under control—at least most of the time. And I love the smooth clothes that seem to fit into the new picture.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm still no timid flower. And I don't intend to be. I'm certainly not one for standing in a corner and coming out just long enough to be walked all over. There are a lot of things a girl has to be prepared to stand up for. Her ideals, for instance. And it isn't always easy.

Not so long ago, I told someone off at a cocktail party. I don't drink or smoke and there was one guest who kept insisting that I start immediately. "No thank you," said I.

"Aw, try it," he insisted.

"I really don't care for it," I told him.

"Come on, Deb. You'll love it."

Finally, I ended our verbal go-round. "Now look," I said. "I hope you won't get angry, but I'd honestly rather not have any. If you want me to argue about it, I'll argue. Then I'll go home."

Well, that was that. Because I stood my ground at first, the matter is rarely a problem anymore. When I go to a party, the host or hostess hands me a Coke or ginger ale and life is a lot more beautiful.

I still get ribbed about my Girl Scout activities. Kidding I can take, but ridicule is out . . . especially when it concerns something as fine as Scouting. A boy I barely know called one evening to ask what I was doing and I told him I was going to a Scout meeting. He got hysterical laughing. "I don't mean to be rude, so I'll tell you I'm going to hang up," I told him. And I did.

He called back and apologized and my opinion of him rose considerably. I believe he has more respect for me, too.

There's nerve and then there's nerve. Every so often there comes a time when I have to stop and gather mine in a grown-up manner. That's when a fellow I've been dating begins to feel that he's in love with me. I feel that he isn't . . . not really. And I know that I don't care for him in that way. Perhaps I like him very much, but that still doesn't mean I care enough to want to marry him. Yet, I don't want to lose his friendship.

Don't get me wrong. This doesn't happen every day in the week. But it's a problem that comes to all girls at one time or another. Many boys want friendship on a more romantic basis. Especially if they're old enough to want to settle down. I'm far from ready. I'll be ready only when I find the man I love and want to be with for the rest of my life. I think my newfound maturity is helping me in handling the situation.

When you've gone with a boy for five or six months, you know pretty well whether you feel something for him or whether it's a friendship thing. And I just can't believe in letting a boy think I care a great deal more than I do. It's not fair to either of us. What then?

I have been cowardly and tried to create an argument as an excuse for breaking up. When you launch into explanations fellows get very upset. "Debbie, you have a closed mind," one boy told me.

"If I didn't know what I was feeling, I'd certainly never try to explain it to you," I told him.

It's a chance I have to take on losing a friendship I value. So far, it's paid off. "Maybe you're right, Deb," this boy said a few days later. "Let's wait and see."

I guess nerve is a pretty good thing to have, after all. I've got mine. And I'm going to keep it. But I'm going to keep it under control. That's part of my new look—my growing up—so I can be proud to say "look at me, now!" THE END

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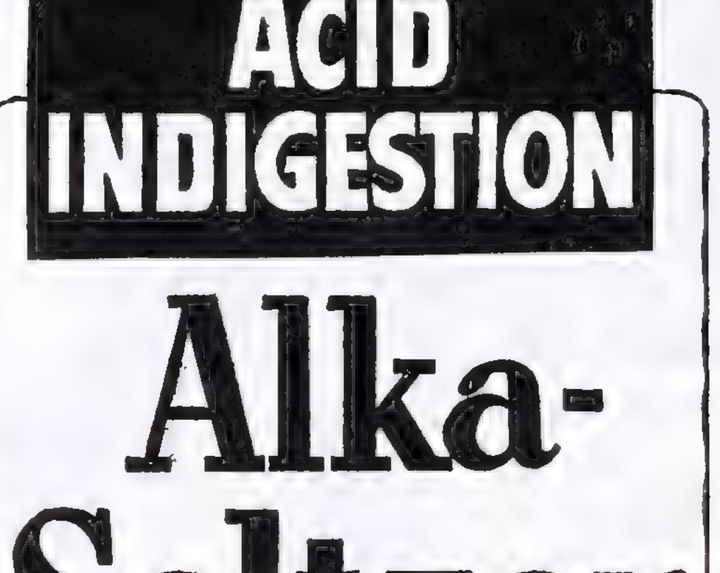
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Why Can't Mitchum Behave?

(*Continued from page* 51)

grasshopper, doing better than seventy miles an hour." When Bob finally was flagged down, a few miles farther on, he got out of the car (he had not been drinking) and handed the policeman his keys.

"What are they for?" asked the mystified officer.

"Maybe my driver's license is in the trunk," Bob deadpanned.

Mitch, however, finally produced his driver's license from his wallet, then asked, "What have I done?"

"You were doing seventy-four."

The police officer proceeded to fill out a citation, but when he asked Bob for his correct address, the actor reportedly replied, "I don't have to tell you."

Then suddenly, while the officer was still writing the citation, Mitch got into his car and roared away. When Ryan, unable to catch Bob again, returned to the West Los Angeles police station, he found Officer David Sellers on the phone. "It's Mitchum," said Sellers. "He claims some officer stole his driver's license."

Ryan, according to the newspaper accounts, then took up the conversation, and asked Mitchum why he had driven off. "I didn't know who you were, Dad," he quoted Mitchum. "I thought you were a bandit or something, so I went home."

Other stories stated that Mitchum also asked the officer, "You got a witness, bub?" And when the policeman said "No," Bob reputedly grinned and quipped, "Well, neither have I. See you in court."

At 3:00 A.M. when reporters swooped down on Bob's house in Mandeville Canyon, they found Dorothy home but Mitch gone—"out with a friend," according to the patently distressed Mrs. Mitchum. The next day Mitchum was face to face with a possible five years, six months and five days in jail and $5,500 in fines, based on a triple complaint issued by the Deputy City Attorney's office. The charge was escape from lawful custody, resisting, obstructing and delaying an officer in performance of his duty, and doing seventy miles an hour in a thirty-five-mile zone.

Fortunately for Bob, his wife and youngsters, the judge before whom he appeared a few days later, let him off with only a $200 fine, but castigated him severely for doing "an extremely silly thing."

"Yes, Your Honor," Bob admitted, now thoroughly subdued, "it *was* a silly thing to do. I'm sorry."

It must be said for Bob that he took his notoriety and punishment without a murmur, paid his fine and went on his way without shrieking, "I was framed." His home studio, RKO, could have provided Bob with a mighty battery of high-priced legal eagles to defend him. But Bob thanked them politely and declined all aid.

"I'll handle this myself," he said. "If I sound like a fool, I am, but I'm my own fool. Nobody else's."

It is a curious character trait of Bob's that when faced with a tough situation, he cannot deal with it soberly and with gravity on the spot. "I hide my feelings if I'm panic-stricken," he admits. "I get a tendency to crack wise."

This strange compulsion could also account for the fact that he seems to take a satanic pleasure in shocking people—in deliberately spraying the air with lurid, smokehouse language when the most correct matrons are around. His favorite remark when he finds himself in stuffy company is, "Well, when I was on a Georgia chain gang . . ."

There are those who think that, deep down, Mitch actually hates himself for real or fancied inadequacies—that in his inner self he seeks his own destruction. How else explain the Mitchum explosio that periodically lead to headlines?

Not long after Bob had returned fro the Canada location for "River of No R turn," for which he had been loaned o to Twentieth, he had a late call to sho some night scenes. He had dinner a returned to his dressing room to glan over his script while the lights were bei readied. On an impulse, he decided make an outside telephone call. Repor of the incident vary, but the story is th an inexperienced night operator eith failed to identify him or felt she could n make the connection without front-offi approval. (There was a studio econom wave on.) At any rate, Mitch became er raged at the supposed affront, graspe the phone and yanked it from the wall.

The following day, when all the goss columns buzzed with the incident (son extra girl on the set had leaked the story Bob again tried to solve a tough situatio with a wise crack. Publicly, that is. Bu deep inside he must have been humiliate by his outburst. As he once confessed, always manage to put my foot into one way or another. This isn't my inten It's just the way it works out."

Only recently, Bob added another t his long string of skirmishes with Howar Hughes, who owns his contract, when h declined to appear in "Susan Slept Here

This time, however, reason seemed to b on his side. "It was a good, cute script Bob told intimates, "and that little Debbi Reynolds, who was to co-star, is reall a doll. But the picture is a musical, an I was supposed to sing and dance in i 'It's a great switch for you,' the high bras told me. 'You'll fracture 'em.' But tha was just what I was afraid of. I'm not singer and I'm not a dancer. Sur some day I'd love to do a musical, bu not yet. I'm not ready—not nearly ready.

When Mitch told the Big Wheels mor or less the same thing, and suggeste that they pretend they had never eve heard of him, there was a flurry and scur ry and clamping of executive jaws. In n time at all Bob was on suspension. Further more, his $5,000 a week salary was cut of

Some people who didn't know Mitc well sneered at him for daring to fli away that kind of money in these uncer tain times, and merely for the sake of silly principle. But what they didn't realiz is, that's the way the guy is made: rebel lious at heart, a game fish who has alway swum against the stream.

The trouble with Mitch—one of th troubles, anyway—is that he not onl hates stuffed shirts, but lets them know about it. Now there are stuffed shirts an stuffed shirts, and there are some i Hollywood whom you are not supposed t unstuff—not in public nor in print, any way. But Mitch does, rudely and witl great glee. "People," he says, "are al ways telling me, 'Watch it, boy. Play i safe. Be careful.' But that chokes me off What for? Being careful's not living— that's for the cemetery.

"If I ever get out of pictures," he onc said, "I'll open a factory making fancy celluloid buttons marked 'Genius.' I'll be I sell one to every producer in town."

During his early struggling days, he worked for awhile as a shoe salesman t help pay the rent and milk bills. The money wasn't much, but it was needed— desperately. Yet that job ended suddenly when Bob informed a hard-to-please customer that he had a foot like a cigar box and that the store just didn't stock any six-toed shoes.

Another time, and later, Bob was called in to discuss a picture contract with a

ry important executive who thought
itch, with his Indian face and 180 pounds
rogue male appeal, had possibilities as
leading man. "The first thing to do, of
urse, said the executive, "is to change
ur name. We'll make it Robert Mitchell."
Robert, who then had two kids, a wife,
e pair of pants and a little less than a
llar to his name, uncurled his big frame
m the chair and stood up. "Which way
the door?" he asked.

The name remained Robert Mitchum,
cause the executive was a nice guy, and
dn't care to make an issue of a minor
int. Yet Bob's stubbornness could have
st him that job.

Too often, though, Bob's continual
arch for the right answer has led him
o paths that wound up leaving him no-
ere. Some of the endings have been
gic; some have been childish.

It has been said of Mitch that such
he as he can spare from sleepy-eyed
rdom, he cynically devotes to the neg-
t of his character. Part of the pattern
his self-destruction is deliberately to
stroy your good opinion of him. Ask
n what he does to keep in trim and he
ll, as likely as not, inform you, "Well, I
ry out the garbage once a week." In-
ire if he is a basically happy person
d his answer is, "Every Thursday when
ick up my pay check, yes."

What Bob says is constantly filled with
certones of sardonic wit, as most of those
o come in contact with him know. It is
kind of unhappy whistling in the dark—
deep desire to cover up a very real
plessness. People who hide behind such
cabre humor are forever appearing to
atter respect for institutions and truths
which they really believe very deeply.

Bob's tendency towards lurid self-dram-
zation is another aspect of his deep-
ted disbelief in himself as Robert
tchum, human being. Once, in speaking
the troubles he has caused his wife, he
led himself "a comic strip character
o is glued to his background by print-
's ink. It is Dorothy's misfortune," he
nt on, "to have reared a monster."

is sister Julie still remembers when
b, at the age of twelve, accidentally shot
best friend in the hip when a shotgun
nt off in his hands. Bob was sick with
norse and threw the gun away with
thing; he didn't use a gun again for
ars. But even then he dramatized the
ident. He came home and told his
ther that he had finally done what
eryone had prophesied he would do: he
d shot a man; he was a criminal!

When Mitch makes headlines, his friends
d family are abashed and saddened.
ose who know him feel that it is a
eat pity so talented a human being, with
ch great potentialities, should prove
nself his own worst enemy by his
ions. His attitude towards his work is
fessional; his story sense is sharp and
urate and many a script on which he
s worked has benefited greatly by his
ggestions. His humor, too, is fresh, orig-
l and rib-tickling.

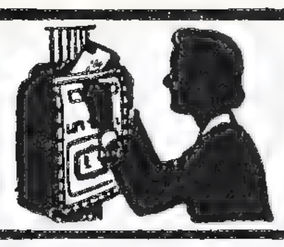
People who worked with him on "River
No Return" fondly remember the day
en Mitch, riding a fierce-looking range
ny, was supposed to amble up the main
eet of a tiny frontier town and dismount.
e times he repeated the action, and
l director Otto Preminger just wasn't
isfied.

But finally, the sixth time around, all
nt well. After Preminger yelled, "Print
" Bob wiped his brow in relief. "Some
y," he drawled, "I'd like to make a
dern Western where the cowboy comes
o town—driving a Cadillac"

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more enthusiastic or loyal than a recent



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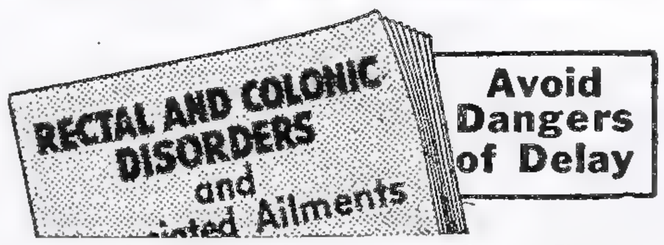
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convert named Marilyn Monroe. Having worked with Bob and seen his patience and understanding and unselfishness on the rugged "River of No Return" location—Bob and Marilyn almost lost their lives on a log raft in swiftly boiling rapids—she told everyone, "Mitch is one of the most interesting, fascinating men I have ever known. He's a hard worker, who rarely misses a line, or cue or a bit of business. I was worried about the picture, but he helped me gain the confidence I needed. He was free with his time, his energy—with everything he had. When I hurt my leg on location, no one was more concerned about my welfare than Bob. He gave you the feeling that, if you needed it, you could have the shirt off his back."

Not long ago, it was Mitch who "agented" the very capable Dick Egan into the lead opposite Jane Russell in "The Big Rainbow." Dick is an extremely capable young actor who had so far lacked the *big* break. Bob not only went to his good friend Jane and told her, "You've got to get this guy," but even persuaded producer Edmund Grainger to catch Egan's last picture. Bob got nothing out of this other than the satisfaction of boosting a fellow player.

Despite all his reputed quarrels with his wife, he is deeply in love and would be miserable and lost without her. She is the only girl he has consistently been interested in since the age of sixteen. He idolizes his two boys, Jim and Chris, and his baby daughter, Petrine.

One day, during the filming of "River of No Return," Mitch stood on a raft in a process shot in turbulent waters, while four special effects men on catwalks overhead shot lethal steel-headed arrows literally between his legs. These arrows hit the solid oak planks of the raft so hard they had to be pried out with heavy pinchers. The Indian attack on the raft went on for six or seven takes, with Bob standing on the shaky craft's huge wooden sweep and crooning softly to himself. The man seemed nerveless, devoid of emotion.

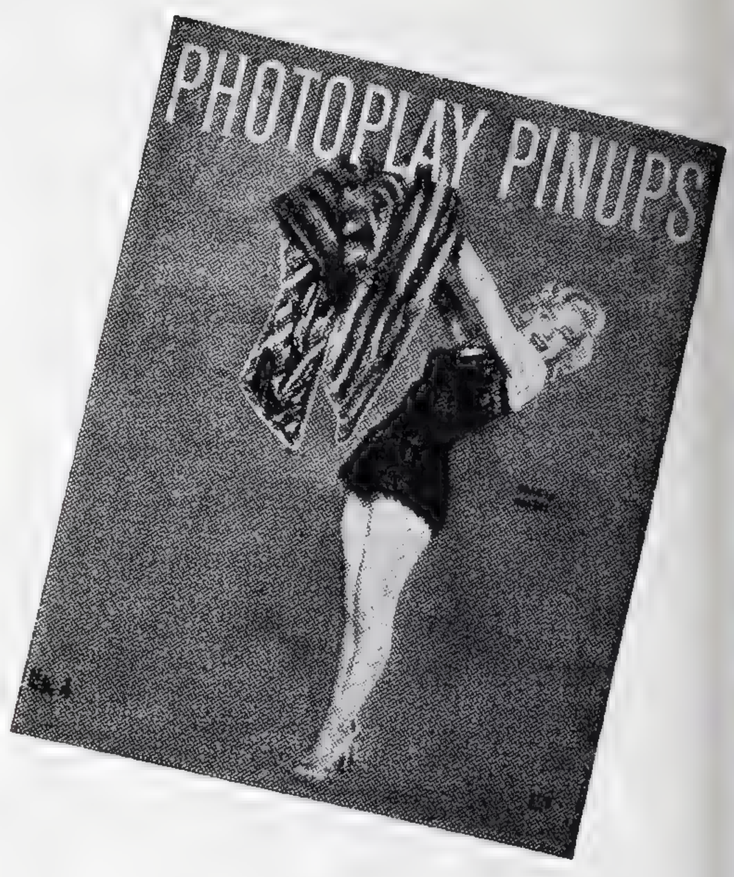
Yet a few minutes after the scene was wrapped up, Mitch was over in his trailer dressing room dangling little Petrine on his knee (Dorothy had brought her over for a visit), feeding the tot a cup of milk with amazing tenderness, and then parading around the cavernous sound stage with the baby perched high on his shoulder. He was also gruffly solicitous of little Tommy Rettig, the boy in the picture.

But the gnawing, dissatisfied restlessness somehow remains—and probably always will. Bob's wife says that he is really a bachelor at heart and the most married bachelor in town. "Mitch," a director who has worked with him says, "is an actor who loves acting, yet feels that acting is a humiliating thing for a grown man. That makes him deeply unhappy. I really believe that he would rather be a writer or a director—and as a director, I think he could do a terrific job. But since they won't let him do what he really wants, he rebels—and then he gets into trouble."

Is Bob, then, really his own worst enemy? There are many who think he is—this gruff, seemingly cynical, idol-smashing character who all too often inspires such a curious mixture of deep affection and intense exasperation. "I love the guy," a fellow worker confessed, "but, doggone it, these grey hairs and this ulcer I have were given me by him."

So, as Mitch chuckles, "Go fight city hall." All in the same day you have to admire him, pity him, laugh with him and sorrow over him. Once he said, "Oh, well, we tramps have our own little world." Someday he'll find that little world isn't quite enough. Until then he's Mitch—a man like nobody else. THE END

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Hits and Hisses

(*Continued from page* 6)

tars. We check the number of demands or interviews and photographic sittings efore the personalities' names ever go—ro or con—into our initial balloting.

A nice guy like Aldo Ray, let's say, bviously gets fewer requests to make vith the quotes than our raspberry boy f this year, Dale Robertson. So, naturally nough, Aldo finds it easier to be co-perative than Dale—though why Dale has o be as brusque as he is I'll never know.

The usual argument is the one Esther Villiams used this year—too busy—too nuch work. That was Greer Garson's alibi vhen we landed on her in 1945, and Bob Mitchum's in 1950, and it is always Frank inatra's, to whom we gave the icy nod n 1946 and 1951.

But actually, how busy can you be, vhen you work six to eighteen weeks at ne most per year? A top star, like Bogart, vhom we sour-appled in 1949, or Gary ooper, our villain of 1947, usually makes nly one picture a year.

You, the public will pardon the working ress I'm sure, if I tell you we yawn lightly when we are told how hard these tars work. Yes, I know about the nervous oll when they are shooting; it *is* rough. But I imagine you aren't exactly pepped p after your day's work.

The living end in un-co-operativeness are red Astaire, George Sanders, Errol Flynn nd Frank Sinatra. Of course, nobody ares too much anymore if Astaire talks r not, and the same goes for Sanders. nd I'll bet Errol Flynn would be pleased o be asked for an interview—but Frankie!

An illustration of Frankie's attitude is kind of sad joke on our Club. Because f his fine work around the military amps during the war, we awarded him special scroll. He wouldn't even come ver to pick it up! This is the complete pposite of Cary Grant's kidding, which akes the pleasant form of his insisting pon being our sole male entitled to club membership, and who year after year, as acted as Santa at our Christmas party.

A couple of years ago, to our intense urprise, Bing Crosby turned up under Santa's whiskers at our holiday hoe-down. Bing has never quite won our least co-perative award, though he's an eternal unner-up, and I personally think that is ecause, as tough as he is to get to, al-vays, once you do get there, he's great. Bing is a business man. Interviews or portrait sittings are business.

Bing knows exactly what will fit into he time he's allotted you. He says hello, gives out with well-nigh perfect material or exactly this time length, says good-ye. It's not like the warm, friendly greet-ng you get from Bob Hope. Maybe that's acting—but it sure is agreeable.

Of course, in this classification, there is o one like Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, our golden-apple winners last year. Those wo kids will do anything for anybody ny time and do it smiling.

Glenn Ford is always available—and he even comes to your house to be inter-viewed, instead of making you come to him. We are all waiting for June Haver to return to the screen—because she has always been so thoughtful. So have Lor-etta Young, John Derek and Bill Holden.

As for Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, particularly with the sorrow they have recently experienced, they are just superb.

So there's the story in a nutshell. Maybe you agree with our finds. Maybe not. But no matter what—the Hollywood Women's Press Club is completely sincere—and hon-est—about the choices it makes. THE END



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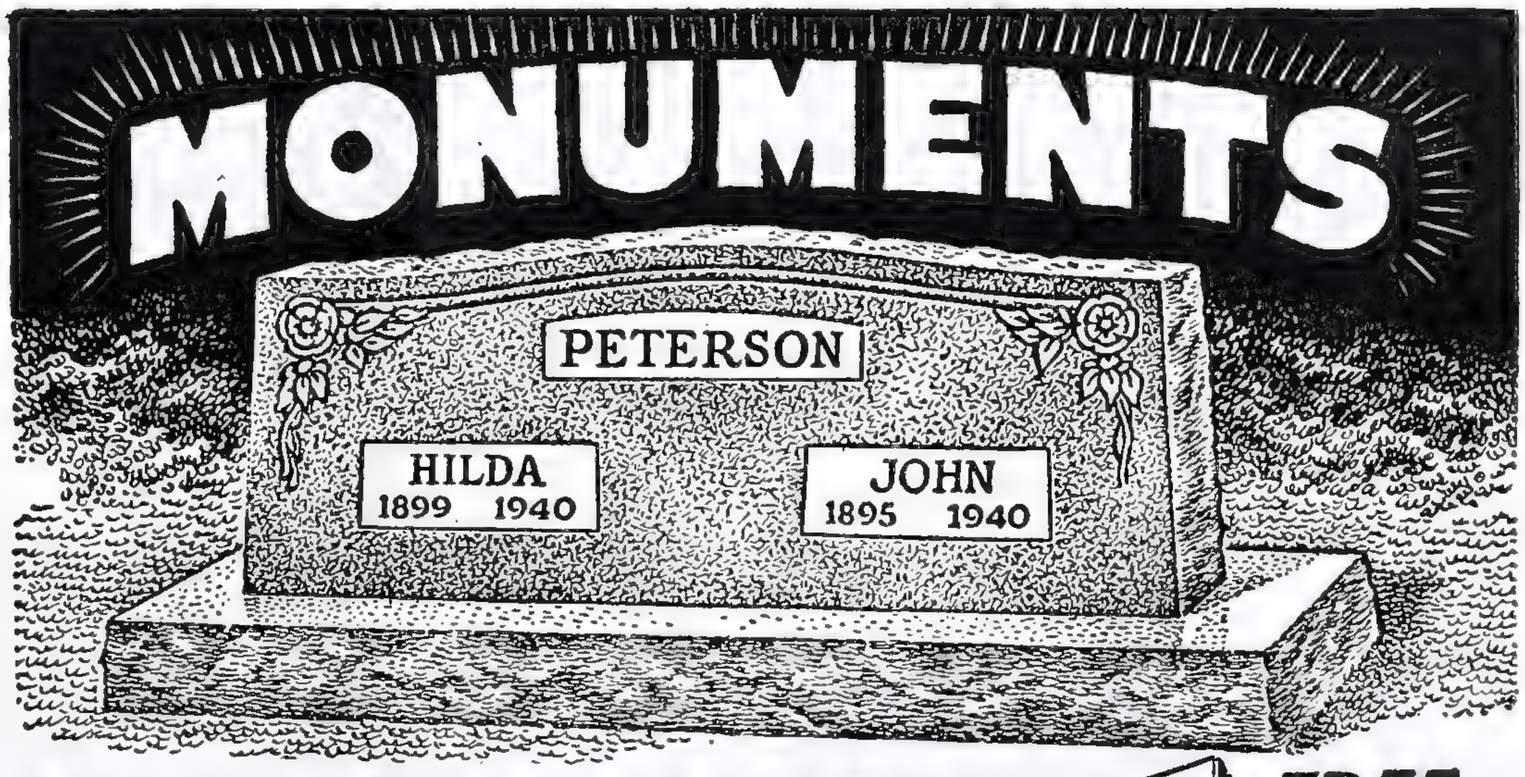
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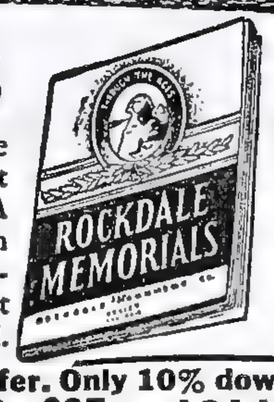
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Prelude to a Lullaby

(*Continued from page* 54)

Hollywood. She was lovely. She had talent to spare. She was successful. All the facets were shimmeringly complete except one: Where was the romance?

Because it seemed incredible, in a community where love, sometimes, is taken far too lightly, that Ann could remain heart-whole, a rash of gossip began to circulate. Was she carrying a secret torch? Was she afraid to fall in love?

If Ann heard those barbed questions—and she couldn't have avoided it—the odds are that she was hurt rather than angry, for outrage is an emotion with which she's unfamiliar. But she went serenely on in her own way, waiting for the real love that she knew had been pencilled into that perfect script for life that she was living.

Although her normal desire for a husband, a home and a family took precedence over everything else in her dreams, she couldn't allow herself to be persuaded that she was in love when she was not.

And then, when the time was right, she met Doctor James McNulty.

Jim is an old-fashioned woman's man—gentle, boyish, gallant. But he is a man's man, too—and in the ways that count most to a woman. He is positive and assured, certain of himself, of his role in life, of his aspirations. And most of all, he is unshakable in the love he feels for his wife. He puts Ann on a pedestal—but not because she is Ann Blyth, beautiful and brilliant movie star. He worships her as a good and simple man worships his wife, knowing that her love is to him what his is to her—a blessing for all their lives.

When any woman falls in love, the effect is readily apparent. She glows; her eyes soften; she is surrounded by an unmistakable aura of happiness. With Ann, the effect of love was staggering. Added to her natural poise and graciousness, there was a dazzling radiance—a brilliant scintillating light that was irresistible.

Other stars fall in love with the wrong men—with a man who's already married, whose religious beliefs conflict, who doesn't return the love or is, for some reason, unacceptable to the family. It couldn't happen to Ann. Her chosen love was a highly eligible bachelor of her own deep religious convictions. Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat Tobin, with whom she shared her life after the death of her mother, thought Jim was wonderful; from the beginning, he belonged. As for the innumerable McNultys, they took Ann into the bosom of the family with shouts of huge delight. There was not a single reason why these two shouldn't be married and live happily ever after.

And so they were married, in a ceremony of solemn holy beauty that was just right. When the McNultys returned from their honeymoon to their Connecticut-style farmhouse, blasé Hollywood was still talking dazedly about the breathtaking loveliness of the bride. There are those who are willing to swear that she didn't walk down the aisle on the arm of her Uncle Pat, but that she floated instead on a private little cloud of her own.

They wanted a large family, Ann and Jim, and for once nobody muttered about the insecurity of movie marriages or the inadvisability of a young star taking the necessary sabbatical from film work. The whole town hoped with and for them that their first child would be soon in coming.

And now the prayers and the good wishes are to be answered. As twins run in both sides of the family, Ann's hoping two babies will come their way, but whether it's one girl, one boy, or a pair of either, neither she nor Jim care. It's miracle enough that there will be a child.

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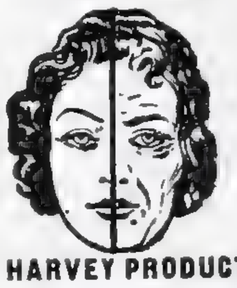
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If she should have, Ann will be more than well taken care of. She'll receive the personal attention not only of a brilliant young obstetrician named Jim McNulty, but of all the other doctors who share his office. Jim is already reminding her to drink her milk, to eat properly, and he plans to spirit her off to Lake Arrowhead to rest on weekends whenever they can get away.

But energetic Ann has plans of her own. There's the nursery to be designed and made ready by loving family hands. And so much else—the sewing and knitting that must be done for "our little one." She'll be very good at that, having made so many tiny things for the babies of her friends. A blanket she made kept Jane Withers' infant snug; Jane Powell's youngest sported a sweater and matching bootees knitted by Aunt Ann. Now the bread she tenderly cast upon the waters is being returned a hundredfold.

Alice Krasiva has been very busy for a long time. When Ann's wedding gown, now a museum piece, was being made, Alice secured some of the lace being used from designer Helen Rose. Lovingly, she made a little satin pillow for the ring-bearer, using the lace and embroidering two entwined hearts and Ann's name with tiny seed pearls. Then, unknown to Ann, she saved a wisp or two of that same lace . . . to put around the collar of a dress for Ann's first child. That dress, she has since completed.

Everyone wants to do things for Ann; she's that kind of girl. Studios are supposed to be large, impersonal organizations, but M-G-M has completely revised the shooting schedule of "The Student Prince" so that Ann can finish her scenes as soon as possible.

And Uncle Pat Tobin vows that he's going to get into the act, too. He says he's going to take a few knitting lessons from "some church ladies who live down the street. Then Annie will come walking in one night, and here I'll be sitting, knitting away!"

Being Uncle Pat, he probably will, too, and by the time his beloved niece has her fourth or fifth baby, he'll be turning out sweaters along with the best of them. Ann will have those babies because that's what she wants. And, because it's her story, they'll all live happily ever after.

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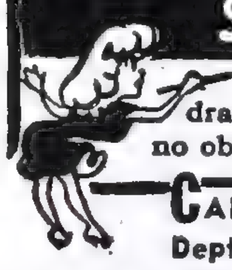
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Orphan in Ermine

(*Continued from page* 61)

family at the time. They lived in a crowded little flat in an auto court near the Hollywood Bowl. When they were lucky, they worked at the studios as extras and bit players. The first day of school they said they were sorry, but I'd have to go by myself because they were working. I'd been scared all of my six years, but that day I hit a new low. The other kids had a mother or a father with a nice comforting hand to hold on to while they registered. I was alone . . . When the teacher asked me why my mother didn't come with me, I just hid my face and bawled."

As Marilyn talked in her shy, tense, little-girl voice, slowly groping for just the right words, it was easy to understand what it was that a sensitive man with whom she'd once worked meant when he said, "She gives you a lump in your throat and a gleam in your eye at the same time."

Earnestly, Marilyn continued, "I was never happy in grade school—I went to lots of them in different neighborhoods. I always felt in the way; I stuttered and the others made fun of me; they all had their own little groups and I didn't know how to go about pushing my way in. They called me 'Norma Jean—the human bean.'"

Her eyes clouded as she voiced those painful reminiscences. And then they brightened warmly. She smiled as she went on. "But you know, nearly all those years seem a blank to me now. Not long ago I read a psychology book that said it's possible to forget unhappy periods, whole years of your life. It's as if they're mercifully wiped out—pushed back into your subconscious. I know that's true.

"But when I was twelve, something happened to make me want to quit forgetting. Up till then, I thought I was the ugliest girl in the school, and then suddenly my figure filled out like a woman's and the boys began to notice me. At fourteen, I was elected 'Oomph Girl' of Emerson Junior High School and it was the biggest thing that ever happened to me. But the girls were still unfriendly."

At that moment, one of those strange coincidences happened—as if to underscore her words. A successful young Broadway actress shepherded by a press agent, took the table next to ours. As the press agent leaned over to make the introductions, the actress stared at Marilyn with the naked revulsion usually reserved for objects that crawl out of the woodwork. The very air appeared to congeal with the iciness of her one-word greeting. In Hollywood, "hellos" come in three categories—big—medium—small. What Marilyn got was infinitesimal. Her delicate face was drained of expression, and for a fleeting moment one could see again that pathetic little figure leaving the school—alone.

Marilyn said nothing for a few stunned seconds. It was as if she were thinking, "Who am I that a famous Broadway actress should be nice to me?" Marilyn had said nothing, either, when she was on loan-out to another studio and made a film with an important star who ignored her, scarcely uttering a social word during the entire making of the picture. Marilyn is honestly frightened of female stars—awed by them. Though she wants desperately to have them like her, she doesn't know how to bring it off. And that's why she probably has fewer friends than any Hollywood glamour girl.

It's hard to believe the truth about Marilyn. Stripped of her publicity coating of sexy innuendo, Marilyn Monroe is shy and naive—a tense, confused childlike figure desperately in need of finding acceptance,



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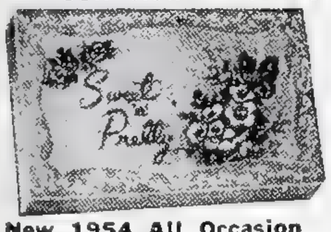
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The result is that there are two Marilyn Monroes—a daringly dressed worldly-looking woman; an unsophisticated girl who can cry her eyes out in private because someone has slighted her. Marilyn's early obsession with her lack of beauty and brains made her feel that there was nothing about her to inspire interest. She has, therefore, gone to extremes to make herself appear worthy of recognition and affection. Through some miracle, she has escaped becoming hardened and cynical, but she has been unable to escape a deep-rooted feeling of inferiority.

If the actresses who snub her so viciously were to meet Marilyn on a woman-to-woman basis, they would discover there's much more to The Monroe than meets the eye. They'd find her very direct, almost embarrassingly earnest. They'd learn she has only one serious affectation—the deep, breathless, little-girl voice which one astute observer says "causes her to speak English as if it were a foreign language." And they'd find, too, that she's the loneliest gal in town; that, in connection with her, the description "dumb blonde" is unwarranted; that she is completely unlike the character she portrays in films; that she discards the sexy accoutrements of her professional life when she is being herself.

So far, three understanding and deeply perceptive women—Lucille Ryman, former talent scout at M-G-M, who took the penniless girl into her home and gave her spending money; Natasha Lytess, dramatic coach, who had faith in Marilyn's potential as an actress when no one else did; and Jane Russell, one of Hollywood's friendliest stars, who calls her "Baby Doll"—have been drawn to and befriended the girl with no talent for making close women friends, no ability to project her warmth.

Despite the fact that she has become an American institution as well-known and highly regarded as hot dogs or baseball, Marilyn herself is not convinced she's important. "Her self-confidence is practically nil," observed one of her co-workers. "She's as scared as an animal in a cage, and you see this most of all when she has to make a public appearance. That girl suffers torments; she turns pale and panic-stricken and will ask you thirty-eleven times if her hair looks all right; if her dress is okay; if her make-up is on straight. You have to practically push her up the aisle, but once she's on the stage, she gives a terrific performance—on pure nerves."

So unsure of her ability is Marilyn that she spends the major part of her spare time taking one lesson after another—coaching from Natasha Lytess; dancing and singing lessons from the studio's experts, Jack Cole and Ken Darby; body-pantomime from one of the country's finest dance-mimes, Lotte Goslar; drama from the famous Michael Chekhov (whose book on acting is Marilyn's guide). Back in her earliest modeling days (when a dollar bought a day's meals), Marilyn spent every cent she could afford on lessons because she was positive that she had no natural talent, that she had to be guided every inch of the way.

Even today, before she steps onto the sound stage for a scene, she rehearses her lines and action again and again with her coach. And after the scene is filmed, she dashes to Miss Lytess, in the manner of a dependent child running to its mother and asks, "Was I all right? Did I do it the way you wanted me to?" Some of Marilyn's directors, who like to do their own directing, are unhappy about this blow-by-blow dependence on another and it has, understandably, led to some strained situations. One veteran European director, who fre-

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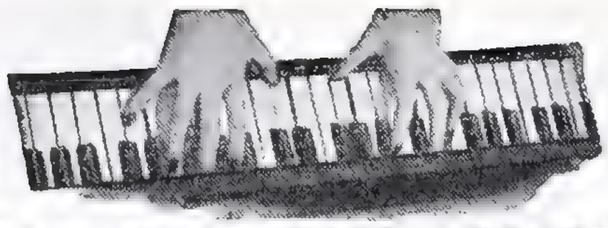
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quently blows his top, once screamed out at the coach: "You were the worst actress in Russia. Are you trying to make this girl the worst actress in Hollywood?"

One day Natasha was ill, complained of flu symptoms and told co-workers that she would not be in the next day. But next day, there she was. When someone asked her why she wasn't home in bed where she belonged, she said, "Marilyn called me late last night to say she couldn't possibly manage without me today."

This might seem to be the brashest kind of selfishness; but that's far from the case. Marilyn acts much as a child does—with no conscious thought of others. For Marilyn hasn't yet grown to emotional maturity—she is still unable to stand on her own two feet. Some of the people who work with her are aware of this; they know that Marilyn lives in a world of her own and is essentially a gentle, kind person who would not knowingly harm anyone. And so they condone her habitual tardiness, her unheeding actions.

Others are not so sensitive or understanding. A certain photographer, for instance, growling at her habit of showing up hours late, once said, "Some day Marilyn is going to need me and I'll give her the same treatment. Right now I'm under orders to photograph her and I have to put up with her rudeness." What he doesn't realize is that Marilyn is, consciously, no ruder than a baby would be. So preoccupied is she with herself that she is completely oblivious to the irritation she causes in others.

And what some of her directors haven't realized is that Marilyn is still seeking the all-encompassing love and acceptance which the normally brought-up youngster receives as a matter of course from his father and mother. Explains Marilyn in her soft, almost pleading voice, "From some directors who really understand me, I've received the most wonderful help. From some, I haven't. I can only be as good an actress as the director makes me. When I get on the sound stage I feel lost and helpless. If a director takes an interest in me, takes me aside and offers assurances on how I'm doing, then I feel better."

Naturally, directors are busy, harassed people and a few can't understand why Marilyn feels slighted because they don't devote all their attention to her. Nor do they understand that Marilyn, because of the early numbing period of her life, is working desperately hard at two things when she is before the cameras—trying to do a good job and trying to make everyone around her like her.

"When Marilyn Monroe," explained one director, "stops acting like a person who mounts a horse and rides off in every direction, she'll become a really fine actress. She's got the stuff; what she needs is a hard core of inner self-confidence which will let her draw upon her own resources, thus releasing her from slavish devotion to those she relies on."

Right now, those who know Marilyn best believe that she should concentrate more on her health. She's really an overworked, completely exhausted girl. She should never have been allowed to rush from film to film with no time off. Marilyn's anemic; her eyes are a little leaden from seven days a week of acting, dancing, singing, rehearsing. She suffers from severe colds which frequently send her to the hospital. Her migraine headaches, skin rashes, low blood pressure stem from mental upsets more than from physical causes. A long vacation would aid her in regaining the dazzling vitality which is the secret of her fantastic sex appeal.

Nor would experts say Marilyn is really ready to cope with the mature give-and-take of marriage. From the husband she

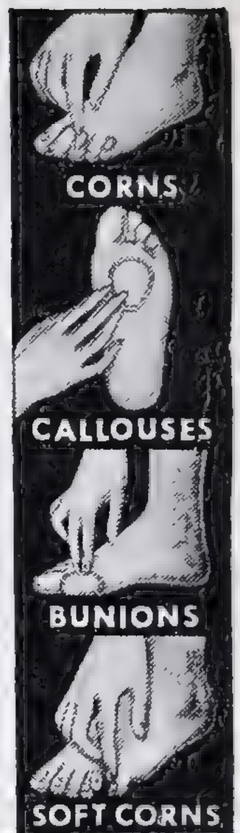
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married in her teens (she rather pathetically called him "Daddy") Marilyn didn't receive the strength and steadying hand she needed. But from the second man in her life, the late Johnny Hyde, a gentle, brilliant man with thinning hair and small, humorous face, thirty years her senior, she received so much help and love and human sympathy that today Marilyn can scarcely talk of him, though nearly three years have passed since his sudden death.

When she first met Johnny Hyde, Marilyn had bleached her brown hair to a reddish gold and wore it long and fluffed out around her face. Her mouth and eyes were overpainted, her skirts very tight, her blouse very low-cut, her shoes very high-heeled and ankle-strapped. Johnny Hyde taught her how to dress. "He was so good to me," Marilyn explains slowly. "And he made me feel as though I weren't just another stupid, stage-struck blonde. He found me when I needed him most.

"I was living at the Studio Club and met him casually at a party. The next morning I was surprised when he called and asked me to lunch. He was an important actor's agent with the William Morris Agency and represented such important stars as Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth and Esther Williams. He was willing to act as my agent even though the only coat I had was a beat-up polo coat, and I went to interviews without stockings before it was fashionable, because I couldn't afford any. 'I know you'll be a big star,' he used to tell me when I was struggling just to eat and pay my rent. He inspired me to read good books, to enjoy good music, and he started me talking again. I'd figured early in life that if I didn't talk I couldn't be blamed for anything. I loved Johnny very much—kind of different, maybe, but a lot."

A girl with a constant heart, Marilyn never looked at another man during the two years she was Johnny Hyde's constant companion. He loved her deeply, while she focussed her entire being on her budding career. And she refused his repeated offers of marriage until it was too late and she stood miserably weeping outside his hospital room.

The third important man in Marilyn's life—as everyone is aware—is tall, dark, lean-faced Joe DiMaggio. Whether or not Marilyn and Joe will marry is a question that no one would risk answering at this time. But here is what a thoughtful observer who knows them both has to say: "Personally, I don't believe they have enough in common to make a good marriage. Marilyn cares nothing about baseball or out-door sports, certainly wouldn't give up her hard-won career to live in New York or San Francisco where Joe's business interests are.

"Joe, who's basically simple, forthright, neither witty nor worldly, is completely without interest in Marilyn's ventures into 'book larnin',' her tremendous classical record collection, her deep discussions of the Stanislavsky method of acting."

In short, this "Orphan in Ermine" is still searching for the father she never had—the emotionally stable giant into whose hand, like a happily trusting child, she can place her own.

Only when she finds him (and she may yet feel she's found this man in Joe) will she be free of the childhood fears that have dominated her entire life. THE END

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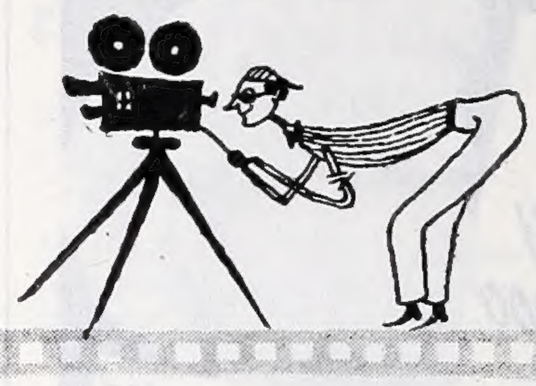
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BRIEF REVIEWS



For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 26.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

Some 3-D films are also being shown in 2-D versions. Check your theatre to see which is being used.

✓✓ ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT—M-G-M, Technicolor: Saga of old-time whaling ships. Good brother Bob Taylor, bad brother Stewart Granger vie for Ann Blyth. (F) January

✓✓ APPOINTMENT IN HONDURAS—RKO, Technicolor: Gun-runner Glenn Ford, Ann Sheridan brave the jungle. (F) January

✓✓✓ BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—U-I, Technicolor: Rock Hudson defends Lori Nelson against dirty doings in the far North. (F) December

✓✓ BAD FOR EACH OTHER—Columbia: Liz Scott lures doc Charlton Heston from mining-town practice in a problem drama. (A) February

✓✓ BOTANY BAY—Paramount, Technicolor: Alan Ladd, Pat Medina endure James Mason's brutality aboard a prison ship. (F) January

✓✓✓ CALAMITY JANE—Warners, Technicolor: Doris Day's a two-gun gal in a rip-roaring musical, opposite Howard Keel. (F) January

✓✓✓ CAPTAIN'S PARADISE, THE—Lopert: Unusual farce. Alec Guinness is wed to both prim Celia Johnson, sexy Yvonne DeCarlo. Paradise ends as the gals rebel. (A) November

✓✓✓ CEASE FIRE—Wallis, Paramount; 3-D: Believable story of a day on patrol in Korea, shot there, featuring real GI's. (F) February

✓✓ CRAZY LEGS, ALL-AMERICAN—Republic: Likable Elroy Hirsch of the L. A. Rams retraces his grid progress. Joan Vohs. (F) December

✓✓✓ DECAMERON NIGHTS—RKO, Technicolor: Skirmishes in the battle of the sexes, presented handsomely and wittily by Louis Jourdan (as Boccaccio) and Joan Fontaine. (A) December

✓✓ DIAMOND QUEEN, THE—Warners, CineColor: In 18th Century India, Lamas fights for Arlene Dahl and a fabulous gem. (F) February

✓✓✓ EASY TO LOVE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Big, tuneful aqua-extravaganza, shot at Florida's Cypress Gardens. Esther Williams chooses between Van Johnson and Tony Martin. (F) February

✓✓✓ ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO—M-G-M, Ansco Color: Strong Western pits North against South, both against Indians. John Forsythe, Bill Holden, Eleanor Parker star. (F) February

✓✓ FLIGHT TO TANGIER—Paramount, Technicolor: Chase film gets Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance into confusing intrigues. (F) January

✓✓ FORBIDDEN—U-I: Tony Curtis trails Joanne Dru, gangster's widow, to far Macao, where she is ensnared with Lyle Bettger. (F) February

✓✓✓ GENEVIEVE—Rank, U-I; Technicolor: Nice British comedy about antique-car fans. With Dinah Sheridan and dashes of sex. (A) January

✓✓✓ GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—U.A., Technicolor: Robert Morley, Maurice Evans play the light-opera kings in a gay musical. (F) January

✓✓✓ GLASS WEB, THE—U-I, 3-D: Smooth whodunit set in a TV studio. John Forsythe and Edward G. Robinson both score. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ GOLDEN COACH, THE—I.F.E., Technicolor: Odd romantic comedy. Anna Magnani is an entertainer in 18th Century South America. Italian-made, English dialogue. (A) February

✓✓ GREAT DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE—M-G-M: Orphan Red Skelton finds his "family," crooks who use him as dupe. (F) February

✓✓ GUN FURY—Columbia; 3-D, Technicolor: Rock Hudson saves Donna Reed from a half-mad bandit in an okay outdoor thriller. (F) January

✓✓✓ HERE COME THE GIRLS—Paramount, Technicolor: Songs, giggles and suspense mix as chorus boy Bob Hope plays target for a murderous maniac. With Rosemary Clooney. (F) January

✓✓✓ HONDO—Warners; 3-D, WarnerColor: Scout John Wayne outwits Indians, courts Geraldine Page. Warm and actionful. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Rich star-bright comedy. Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall, Betty Grable plot for money, find love. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ JULIUS CAESAR—M-G-M: True-to-Shakespeare film of the dictator's death and the assassins' fate. Brilliant acting by James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando. (F) September

✓✓✓ KISS ME, KATE—M-G-M; 3-D, Ansco-Color: Howard Keel, Kathryn Grayson are feuding, loving co-stars. Topnotch music. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ LITTLE FUGITIVE—Burstyn: Enchanting picture of childhood in a big city. Richie Andrusco flees to Coney Island. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ MARTIN LUTHER—de Rochemont: Niall McGinnis portrays the founder of Protestantism in a splendid religious film. (F) November

✓✓✓ MONEY FROM HOME—Wallis, Paramount; 3-D, Technicolor: Gambler Martin and animal-lover Lewis set out to fix a steeplechase race in a giddy, giggle-loaded farce. (F) February

✓✓✓ OTHELLO—U.A.: Shakespeare filmed with imagination by Orson Welles, who plays the Moor opposite Suzanne Cloutier. (A) February

✓✓ PARATROOPER—Columbia, Technicolor: British raids (by Alan Ladd, Leo Genn) on Nazis are exciting; the love story isn't. (F) December

✓✓ PERSONAL AFFAIR—U.A.: Thoughtful English movie. Prof. Leo Genn, wed to Gene Tierney, is accused of sex crime. (A) February

✓✓ PROJECT M.7—Rank, U-I: Okay science-fiction thriller from Britain, about espionage at a jet-atomic research center. (F) February

✓✓✓ SECOND CHANCE—RKO; 3-D, Technicolor: Fast, eye-pleasing. Gunman Palance trails Linda Darnell; Mitchum defends her. (F) October

✓✓ SHARK RIVER—U.A., Vivid Color: Steve Cochran finds danger and Carole Mathews in Florida swamplands. Lovely scenery. (F) January

✓✓ SHE HAD TO SAY YES—RKO: Homespun comedy. Bob Mitchum is a country doc; Jean Simmons, a foolish philanthropist. (F) September

✓✓✓ SO BIG—Warners: Honest sentiment, expertly done. Jane Wyman's fine as wife and widow of farmer Sterling Hayden. Steve Forrest and Nancy Olson also romance. (F) December

✓✓✓ TANGA-TIKA—Monson-Long, Eastman Color: Beguiling if slightly crude romance, shot on Tahiti with a mostly native cast. (F) December

✓✓✓ THREE FORBIDDEN STORIES—Ellis: A suave, well-acted Italian film (English titles) close-ups girls with the wrong men. (A) December

✓✓ THREE GIRLS FROM ROME—I.F.E.: Amiable story of Italian working girls and their loves. Lucia Bose is a real beauty. English dialogue, dubbed in smoothly. (A) November

✓✓ THREE SAILORS AND A GIRL—Warners, Technicolor: Gordon MacRae and Gene Nelson use shipmates' pay to back Jane Powell's stage musical. Some lively dancing. (F) February

✓✓ THUNDER OVER THE PLAINS—Warners, WarnerColor: Randolph Scott fights vigilantes and carpet-baggers in Texas. (F) January

✓✓✓ TUMBLEWEED—U-I, Technicolor: Crisp, pleasing Western. Scout Audie Murphy, accused of cowardice, flees lynchers. (F) January

✓✓ VEILS OF BAGDAD, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Lots of action (Vic Mature) and unveiled beauty (Mari Blanchard). (F) December

✓✓ WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME—U-I, Technicolor: Donald O'Connor strives for success in the band business and in romance with Janet Leigh. Full of nice jazz. (F) January

✓✓ WAR ARROW—U-I, Technicolor: Army officer Jeff Chandler quells Indians, wins Maureen O'Hara in a brisk Western. (F) February

✓✓✓ WICKED WOMAN—U.A.: Sordid, neatly underplayed saga of a hussy (Beverly Michaels), with Richard Egan as victim. Clever plot and plenty of suspense. (A) February

✓✓ WILD ONE, THE—Columbia: Moody Marlon Brando and fellow motorcyclists disrupt a town in a mystifying, arty drama. (A) February



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